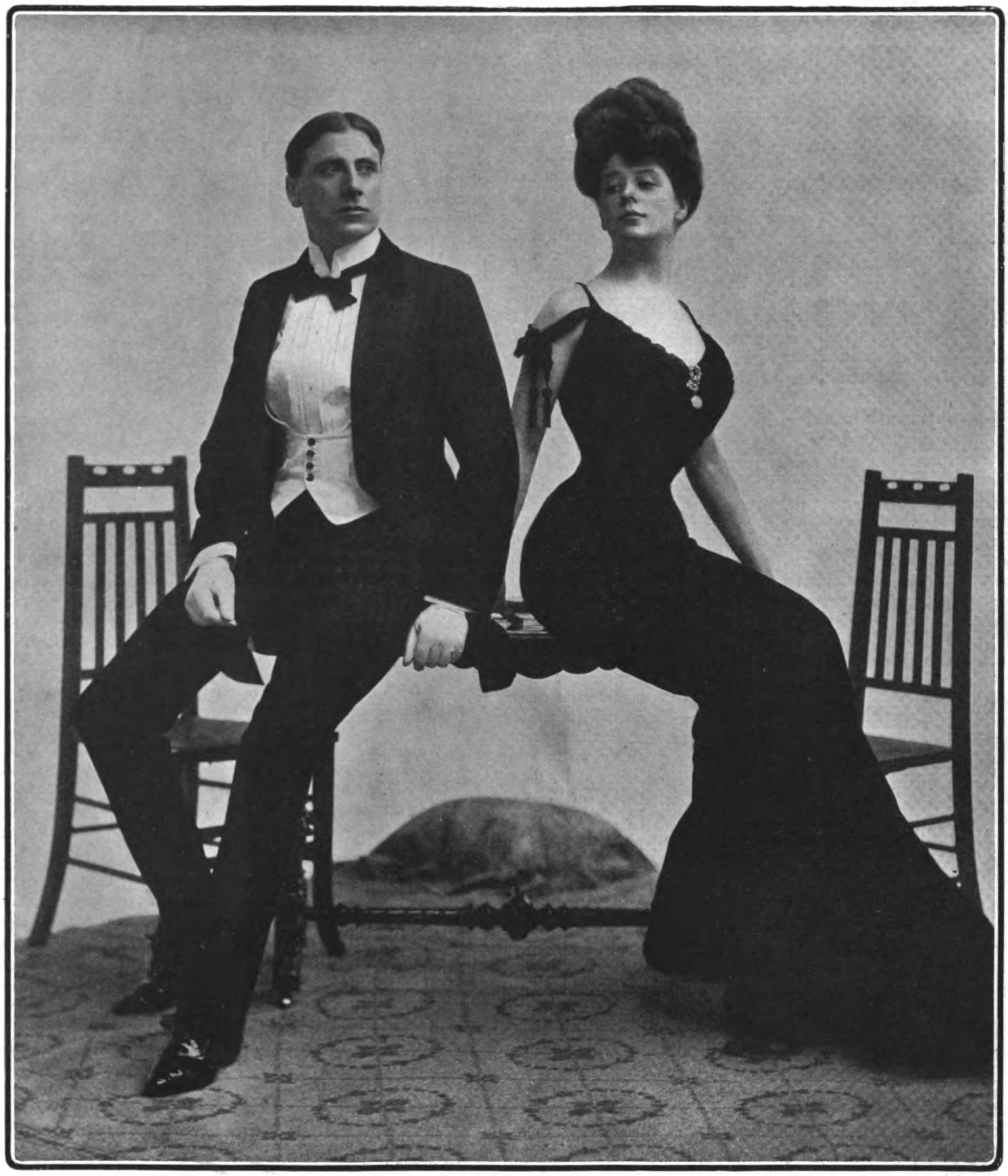
The Sketch

No. 714.—Vol. LV. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1906. SIXPENCE.



Mr. Leslie Stiles.

MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD SINGING "WHY DO THEY CALL ME A GIBSON GIRL?" THE SONG THAT WAS PART CAUSE OF MISS EDNA MAY'S RESIGNATION OF HER RÔLE IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR."

The fact that Miss Camille Clifford's new song, "Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?" proved particularly popular, added to the "featuring" of Miss Clifford, was the cause of Miss Edna May's resignation of her part in "The Belle of Mayfair." Miss May is of opinion that she herself ought to have sung the song, and that it could easily have been altered to "Why do they call me a Picture Girl?" Mr. Leslie Stiles, author of the song, appears with Miss Clifford.—*[Photograph by Bassano.]*



London.

With Apologies to "Sybil."

"There is nothing so absolutely ruinous to the complexion," says an enlightened writer in a contemporary "as irritability." This is so true that I wish the "contemporary" lady had gone rather more deeply into the matter. Skin-deep, at any rate. Let me endeavour to make amends. If you are irritable about trivial matters, such as the peccadilloes of servants, the foolishnesses of dressmakers, the muddy condition of the streets and so forth, a judicious touch of powder here and there will put everything right. If, again, you are irritable with your husband, with your children, with your banker, with your broker, or with your rich relations, powder will scarcely help you. A thick veil may be useful, but a beauty-doctor who knew her business would probably recommend a change of air, a change of diet, and a change of costume. If, finally, you are irritable with the shape of the world, with the time of the sun's uprising and down-going, with the tides, with the climate, with the general laws that appear to govern life and death, then the thickest veil manufactured will never disguise from your bosom friends that you are not so beautiful as was once your habit. A splash from the Tower Bridge would be an extreme remedy, perhaps. Still——

Male Martyrdom.

A person who persists, cheerfully enough, in writing a good deal of nonsense is a lady who signs herself "Spinster," and contributes to that very popular journal, *M.A.P.* (Everybody, of course, reads *M.A.P.* If you happen to know anybody who has never been found with a copy of *M.A.P.* on him, you may be sure that it is because he devours it.) Here is a specimen of "Spinster's" merry rubbish: "Man wants to be comfortable, as a cat on a warm hearth-rug; to feel no prick of conscience; to see nothing unpleasant, such as tears or a wan face. It exasperates him to madness when he is obliged to see his wife sad, but it never occurs to him to try and prevent her sadness." As you and I know so well, dear friend the reader, ninety-nine men out of a hundred devote the greater part of their lives to the splendid cause of coaxing smiles out of drearily disposed women. The task, naturally, is exhausting, and it is not surprising if the patient wretches, at intervals, curl up on the hearth-rug. When we turn to conscience, did ever man breathe who was such an adept at juggling with his conscience as the merest, most babyish schoolgirl? Not a man living but suffers agonies from conscience-ache. Women have the crowns of their consciences cut off short at fifteen, and something called "philosophy" screwed into the stumps.

Aural Evidence.

Tell me, did this dialogue take place at a man's or a woman's club?

MEMBER. Oh, waiter! Just a minute!

WAITER. Certainly.

MEMBER. I don't think this Burgundy's quite right. Are you a judge of Burgundy?

WAITER. Not quite right?

MEMBER. It may be something wrong with my palate, but it doesn't seem to me such good wine as one usually gets here.

WAITER. No? Perhaps it's the curry.

MEMBER. Ah! Perhaps it is.

WAITER. I can change the wine, of course, if you like.

MEMBER. Oh, no; don't bother to do that. I've no doubt it's my mistake.

WAITER. I should be very much surprised if there was anything wrong with that particular wine.

MEMBER. Quite so, quite so! That's all right. I'm sorry to have bothered you about it.

WAITER. Not at all.

Tell me, "Spinster," did that take place at a club for mere men or for long-suffering women? I promise you that it took place.

With Love to "Bat Ear."

"Bat Ear" is a good soul, otherwise unknown, who writes to me from Scotland to cheer me on my way. He (or she—it is impossible to tell which from the handwriting) is kind enough to say that I think "the best of everything and everybody." That's odd, because I was certainly of opinion that I had been crowned king of the churls. "Atheists and pessimists," my correspondent continues, "abound, and one never seems to escape their croaking. With laudanum cheap and handy at the chemist's, one wonders so many of them trouble to go on living." "Bat Ear" evidently does not realise the pleasure that the pessimists derive from their pessimism. In short, to quote the hackneyed rhyme—

> Oh, doesn't the day seem lank and long
> When all goes right and nothing goes wrong?
> And wouldn't the world be dull and flat
> With nothing whatever to grumble at!

A Fiendish Threat.

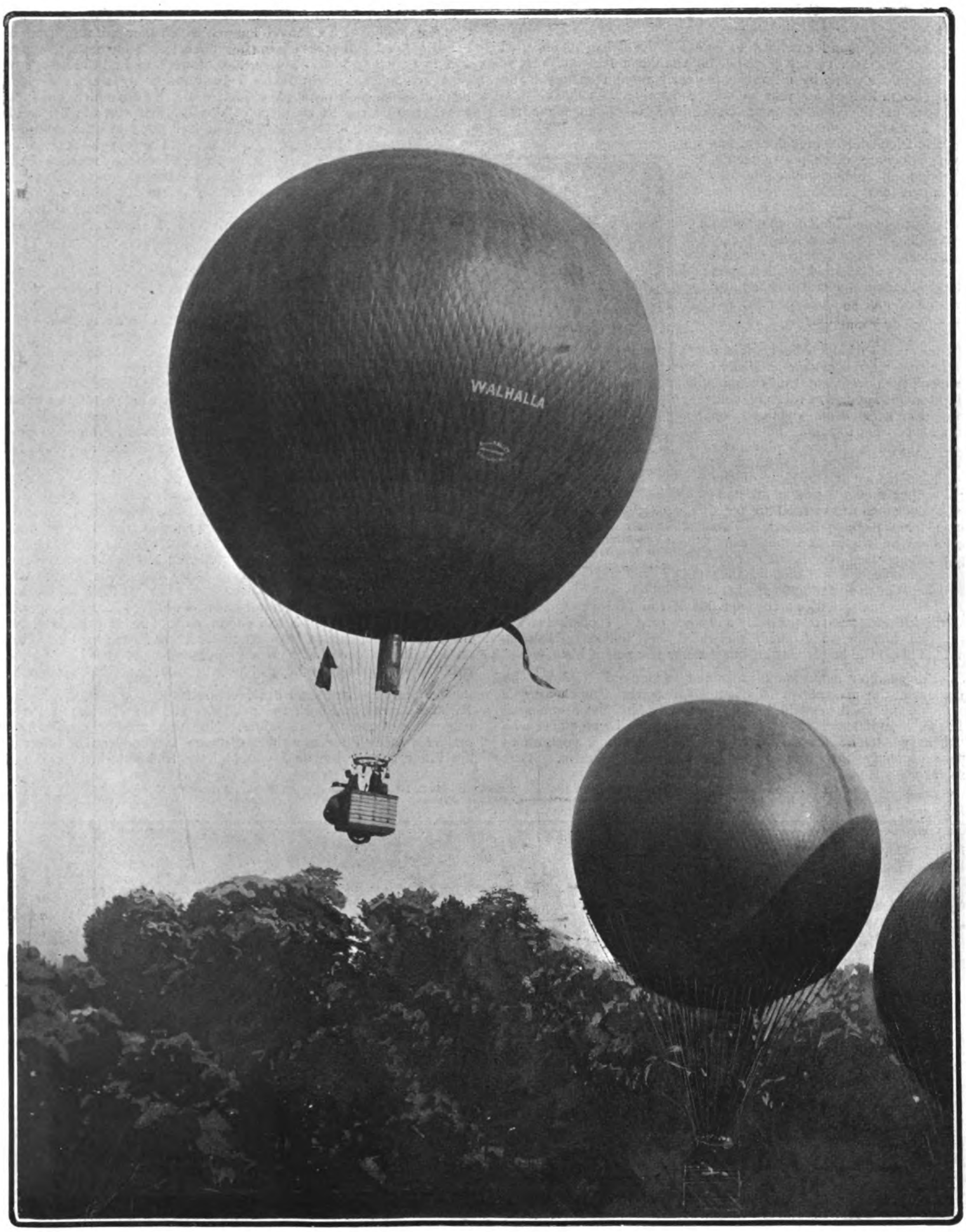
I read that Miss Beatrice Harraden has joined in the outcry against London noise. Miss Harraden has asked the Hampstead Borough Council to have the portion of Fairhazel Gardens in which her house is situated paved with wood "so as to reduce the noise caused by the heavy and increasing traffic using the thoroughfare." Further, Miss Harraden says in a letter that the noise is so great that she is unable to work in her front rooms, and "unless the Council takes steps to improve matters she will be reluctantly compelled to move elsewhere." That, of course, is the way to talk to Borough Councils. If I only knew where my Borough Council lived, I would send them a similar letter. I would say—

> *GENTLEMEN,—Unless you see your way to stop the bumping of trains, and the hooting of steamers, and the calls of paper-boys, and the rattle of cabs, and the shouts of cabmen, and the stamping of horses, and the whistlings of hotel-porters, and some of the other thousand and one noises that go on night and day in my immediate vicinity, I shall jolly well go and live somewhere else and then see what happens to your beastly borough. So there!*

The Parson and the Balusters.

Many a true word is spoken in sarcasm. "The craze of the moment is to play childish games," declares the *World*. "Obviously, the most proficient thimble-finders and pusses in the corner and leaping frogs are likely to be the most welcome guests while the craze for this sort of thing lasts. Skill in sliding down balusters and alertness at musical chairs may achieve for one positive fame and a sheaf of covetable invitations." I do not, for my own part, covet invitations, but I know a man, and a clergyman at that, whose career turned on his proficiency in "childish games." He was deeply in love with a beautiful lady, and he was, and is, the sort of man to whom love is a depth unfathomable. That is to say, he meant business. Well, the lady loved the parson, but both were shy. He called, and he called, and he called. The parish, all this time, held its breath. One day, when the parson was calling, it began to rain. "What on earth shall we do?" sighed the lady. "Let's slide down the balusters!" cried the parson. "Done!" agreed the lady, and they slid. Now the parson slid so well that there was no resisting him. Breathlessly, as he landed on the umbrella-stand, he put the question. "Of course!" cooed the lady. "I never saw anybody slide down balusters so exquisitely!" This is a true story

THE START FOR THE DERBY IN THE AIR.



COMTE H. DE LA VAULX, HOLDER OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RECORD, LEAVING THE TUILERIES GARDENS IN THE "WALHALLA."

Comte Henri de la Vaulx, holder of the championship record for distance and duration of stay in the air, was one of the representatives of France, and was the third to start. He had as his assistant Comte H. D'Oultremont, and his balloon of varnished cotton, the "Walhalla," has a capacity of 78,750 cubic feet. Great Britain was represented by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler in the "City of London" (77,000 cubic feet), Professor A. K. Huntingdon in the "Zephyr" (77,000 cubic feet), and the Hon. C. S Rolls in the "Britannia" (also 77,000 cubic feet). A number of the competing aeronauts carried collapsible canvas boats, cork-jackets, or life-belts, in case the wind should carry them out to sea, as at the time of start it showed every sign of doing.—[*Photograph by Branger.*]

THE CLUBMAN.

Bound Eastward—The Entente—French and British Officers—Motor-Cabs—The Taximeter.

I AM in Paris, bound eastward to overtake the flying summer. I always feel loth to say good-bye to the warm sun, and I try to cheat winter yearly by following the early autumn eastward and by going South in the new year to meet the spring. In Paris I find that events of the past summer have done much to make the *Entente* a reality and not merely a diplomatic friendship. Frenchmen, impulsive as they are, think pretty deeply, and though all their compatriots who make money out of the English, the hotel-keepers and the Parisian shop-keepers, at once hailed the good understanding enthusiastically, and though most of the newspapers trimmed their sails to the breeze which flew from the Quai d'Orsay, the real French, the boulevardiers and the bourgeoisie, did not follow suit immediately.



THE FIRST CAKE TAKEN BY THE SPRINGBOKKEN: THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAKE.

Before the South African Rugby team started for England, the editor of the *Kimberley Star* presented the captain with the cake shown, on condition that it was not to be cut until after the team had won their first victory. The chocolate Rugby football on the top of the cake contained the visiting-cards of well-known residents in Kimberley.

Photograph by Halftones, Ltd.

I know some of the officers of the French army, men *en retraite* as well as those serving now with the colours, and I often find it a very salutary cold douche to hear their opinions on matters concerning Britain. They quite understand that it is much pleasanter for an Englishman now to travel in France than it was at the time of the Boer War, but they are not at all convinced that France was created to be a paradise for travelling Britons. Two things done by Britain and the British have of late pleased the French army. The French officers know, or think they know, what Great Britain was ready to do if Germany mobilised as a consequence of the Morocco Question, and I think their guess is probably a correct one. I need not say that it had nothing to do with the ridiculous Schleswig-Holstein canard. This is the larger matter, but it refers to ancient history.

The other matter is a remark attributed to General Grierson, who was present at the manœuvres this autumn, that the French army is "the first army in the world." The especial point the Frenchmen find in this compliment is that it has been paid them by an officer who was Military Attaché at Berlin, and is therefore in a position to compare correctly the French and the German Armies. That General French, who would command any expeditionary force despatched from England at the present time, was sent to France to become acquainted with the French Generals and the French soldiers is a point which the French army has not missed. There was, a year ago, in the French army a school of thought which held that the wisest policy would be to come to an understanding with Germany and to let the British friendship drift. That school now seems to have ceased to exist.

The good provincial bourgeoisie and the farmers have, so my French friends tell me, seen the commercial advantage likely to accrue from a close friendship with England, and are much taken with the idea that the making of a Channel Tunnel, which they are told will now be permitted, will put money into their pockets. They expect soon to be able to send butter, fruit, vegetables, flowers, and all the bigger forms of merchandise straight through to London by train. As for the boulevardiers, their principal objection to things English lay in their experience of the ill manners of the English abroad; but we have mended our ways in this matter—the cheap trippers excepted—and nowadays it in France I see anyone bowing with great *empressement* and being extraordinarily polite I take it for granted that he is an Englishman showing the French that a Briton is really a very courteous person.

The Parisians always keep ahead of us in the matter of cabs and cheap cab-fares. A year ago there were comparatively few motor-cabs in Paris, and one had to go to the cab-stand by the Opéra to find them. Now one side of the Boulevard des Capucines is lined by them, and very excellent little cabs they are. The two front windows of the cab form a permanent wind-screen, and a big hood at the back turns the open carriage into a shut one without any difficulty.

While we in London wait with cheerful hope for an agreement between cabmen and proprietors, which will make taximeters possible in London, Paris has not only fixed the taximeters on practically all the horse-drawn cabs, except those one finds in the station yards, but it has put the little registering machine on many of the motor-cabs as well. There is no parleying here as there so often is in London, as to fare and destination, and there is no gentleman "as has to be fetched from his office at five," an imaginary person who is a great stand-by to the London motor-cabby when a would-be hirer objects to preliminary bargaining.

Certainly the taximeter has increased the number of cabs in the Parisian streets, and both the residents and the visitors to Paris use cabs more frequently than before. Now that a franc covers fare and *pourboire* as well for any short distance, a muddy street often sends me into a fiacre, whereas I should have tramped through the slush rather than pay two francs. Even the comparatively long drives cost less than they used to. From the Place de l'Opéra to the Théâtre Antoine, the most distant theatre an Englishman is likely to go to on the northern side of the Seine, is a journey which costs ninety-five centimes, and a half-franc *pourboire* draws gruff thanks from the driver, who has only expected twenty-five centimes.

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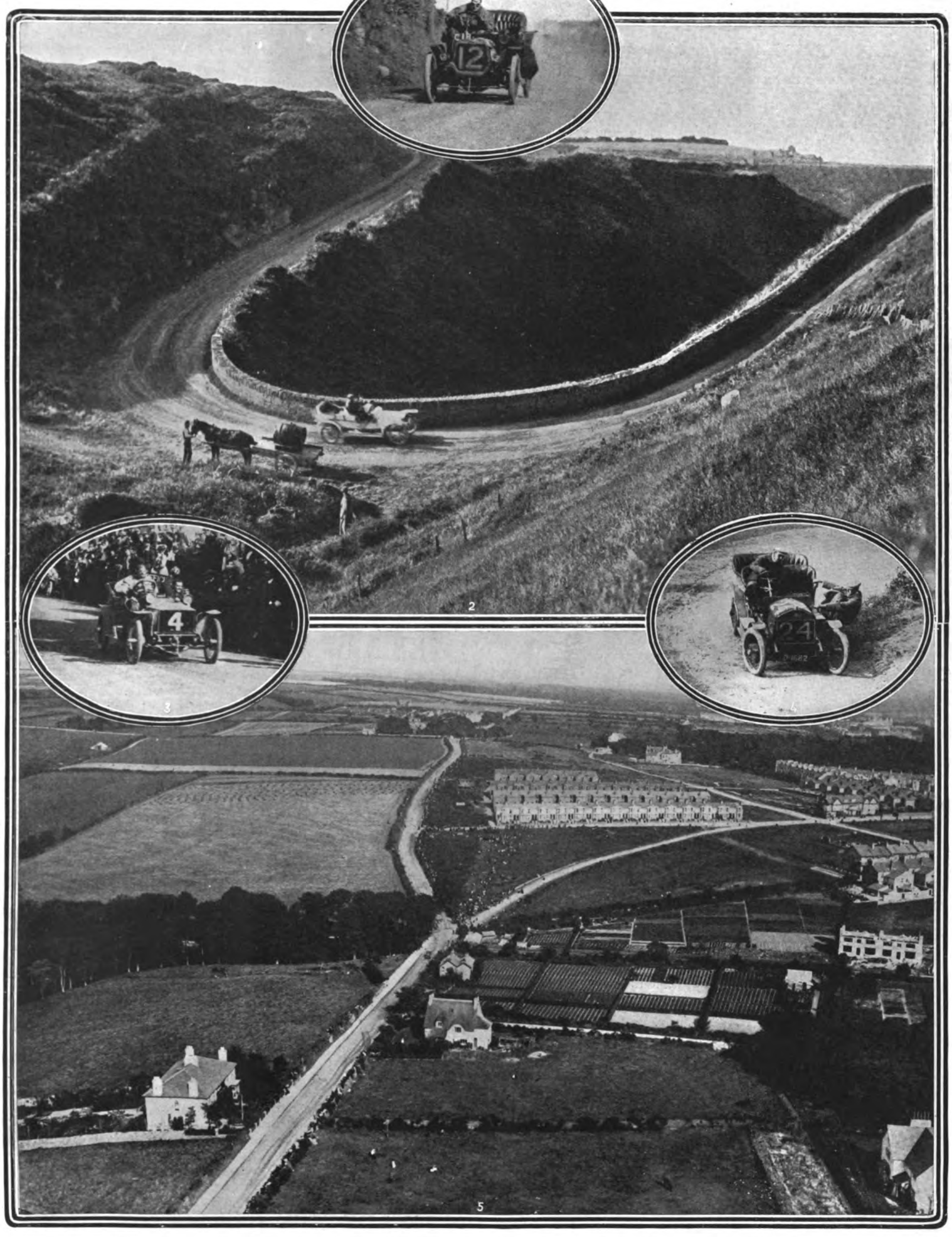
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THE SPRINGBOKKEN WHO ARE ENDEAVOURING TO EAT UP THEIR ENEMIES: THE SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY FOOTBALLERS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

The South African footballers who are now visiting us are evidently determined to beat the extraordinary record of the All Blacks, and to live up to their war-cry, which, Englished, means "We will eat up our enemy." In their first match against the East Midlands they scored 37 points to their opponents' nil. The players marked with an asterisk appeared in the first match.

Photograph by Halftones, Ltd.

ON A "NIGHTMARE" COURSE: THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE IN "THE ISLE OF MOTOR-MAN."



1. THE 16-H.P. ARGYLL GOING AT FULL SPEED.
2. AT AN AWKWARD CURVE: TAKING THE DEVIL'S ELBOW.
3. THE FINISH: THE HON. C. S. ROLLS ON A ROLLS-ROYCE AT THE WINNING-POST.
4. HOW SPILLS WERE AVERTED AT SHARP CORNERS: THE MECHANICIAN BALANCING AN 18-H.P. SIDDELEY BY HANGING OVER THE SIDE.
5. AS THE BIRDS SAW IT: PART OF THE "NIGHTMARE" COURSE FOR THE RACE, FROM A BALLOON.

The course for the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man has been described as a nightmare, but no car met with more than minor mechanical mishaps during the contest, despite the awkward corners, turns, and hills the competitors had to negotiate. The Hon. C. S. Rolls, on a 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce, won in 4 hours, 6 minutes, 3-5 seconds, with an average speed of nearly forty miles an hour. M. Bablot was second, on a 22-h.p. Berliet, in 4 hours, 32 minutes, 59 1-5 seconds; Mr. A. Lee Guinness, third, on a 15-h.p. Darracq, in 4 hours, 42 minutes, 48 1-5 seconds. The petrol allowance was one gallon for every 25 miles, and the winner finished with 21 ounces of petrol in hand; the second with 15 ounces; and the third with 10½ ounces.—[*Photographs by the Topical Agency.*]

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THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
OCTOBER 6.

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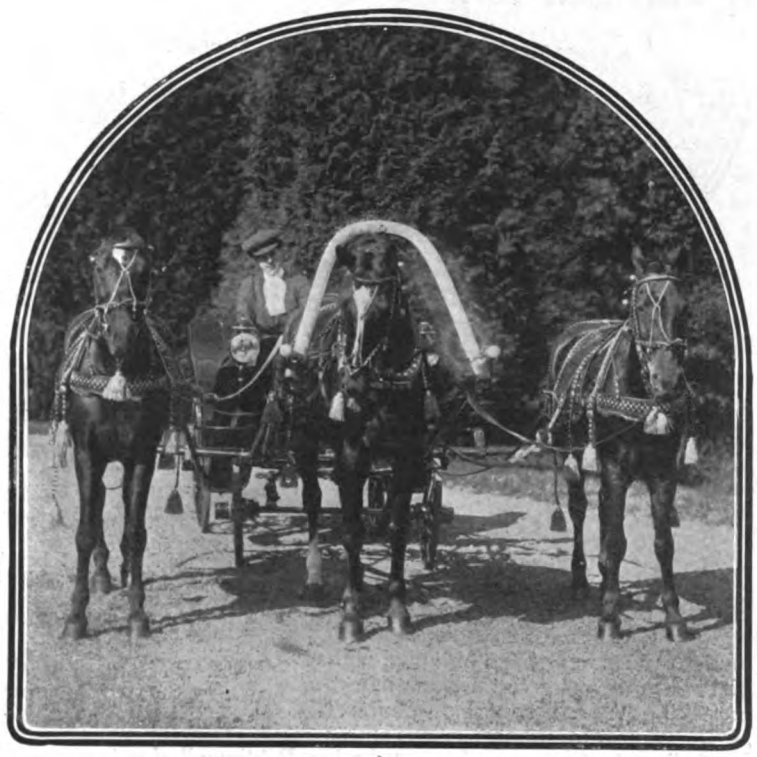
SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THEIR Majesties are now entertaining at Balmoral the Duchess of Aosta, who, as Princess Hélène of Orleans, made her social début at a Marlborough House garden-party. The Queen is very fond of the Duchess, and she received the rather unusual honour of being asked to be her Majesty's travelling companion on the way to Scotland last week. Next Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales will pay a shooting visit to Captain and Lady Beatrice Pretyman. Their beautiful place, Orwell Park, is one of the most delightful estates in East Anglia. The most active member of the Royal Family at the present time is the Duchess of Argyll. Her Royal Highness has been making a round of more or less official visits in the North of England, taking part in various public ceremonies, and being entertained by the great local magnates. But perhaps the most interesting item of royal news comes from Spain, where King Alfonso has already announced to the members of his family and intimate entourage his hopes of an heir. This is why the Spanish Court is not going back to Madrid till Christmas.

The King's October Host and Hostess. Lord and Lady Colebrooke, who are about to entertain the King at their beautiful place, Glenconnar House, in Lanarkshire, have long been among his Majesty's most favoured hosts. Lady Colebrooke, who came prominently forward as a great Government hostess last winter, was one of the daughters of Lord Alfred Paget, an intimate friend of the King, and his Majesty often dines with her and with Lord Colebrooke in their beautiful house in Stratford Place. Lady Colebrooke owes her name of Alexandra to the fact that she is their Majesties' god-daughter, and both the King and Queen were present at her wedding. Lady Colebrooke is not only a very beautiful woman—dark, slender, and stately, with the brilliant complexion generally associated with fair hair—but she is a capable artist, and has exhibited at the Paris Salon, while her love for horses is a passion. She sometimes drives a four-in-hand, and she owns many styles of quaint vehicles, including a Russian troika.

Glenconnar House. Glenconnar House, which has already entertained Royalty in the person of the Prince of Wales, took the place, some years ago, of a much older mansion, which was burnt down while its owner was at Newmarket. The new building is even more luxurious and comfortable than was its predecessor, and a feature of the beautiful grounds is a workshop where Lady Colebrooke can pursue her favourite handicraft of wood-carving. The King will enjoy some excellent shooting while in Lanarkshire, for Lord Colebrooke's moors are noted among sportsmen.

Royal Smokers. There is only one reigning Sovereign who does not smoke at all, and that is King Oscar of Sweden; but the greatest smokers are King Edward, who smokes the very best cigars, and King Leopold of Belgium, who smokes not less than a dozen cigars a day. The Emperor of Austria smokes a pipe morning and evening; but the other Sovereigns are contented with cigarettes, the Tsar consuming about thirty a day. King Alfonso smokes cigarettes in a long amber mouthpiece mounted with gold; King Victor Emmanuel smokes some half-dozen cigarettes a day; and the Kaiser, on the advice of his physicians, has almost given them up altogether. Every now and then he lights a cigarette, but he always throws it away before it is half finished.



A RUSSIAN TROIKA IN USE IN LANARKSHIRE: LADY COLEBROOKE, FUTURE HOSTESS OF THE KING, DRIVING HER UNCOMMON VEHICLE.
Photograph by Reid.

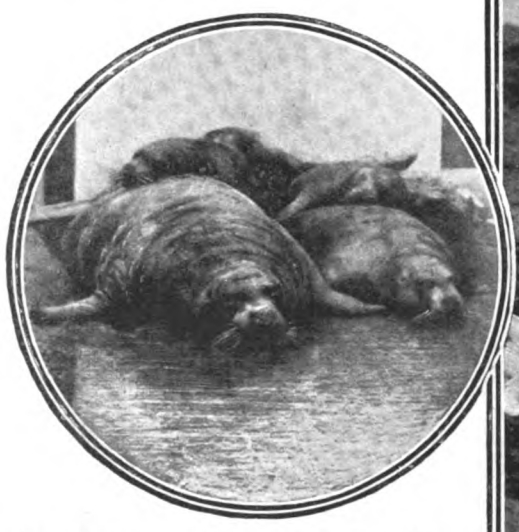


THE KING'S FORTHCOMING VISIT TO LORD AND LADY COLEBROOKE: GLENCONNAR HOUSE, LANARKSHIRE.
Photograph by A. Brown and Co.

"C.B." and his "Opposition" Brother. The recent visit of the Prime Minister to his brother, Mr. J. A. Campbell, at Stracathro, in Forfarshire, shows that their affection has not been destroyed by political differences. It has been the fate of leading Liberal statesmen to be divided politically from near relatives. Sir William Harcourt's elder brother, Colonel Harcourt, was a staunch Tory, and Mr. Gladstone's elder brother, Sir Thomas, attacked his policy. The present Prime Minister's brother, Mr. Campbell, is not now in Parliament, but sat opposite to him for a quarter of a century, speaking seldom, but voting steadily with the Conservatives. Their father and uncle, merchants in Glasgow, were similarly divided.

Plays Without Love in Paris.

Firmin Gémier is the actor of the moment in Paris. He is the new director of the Théâtre Antoine, that wonderful little theatre which has pioneered in dramatic matters, and has broken loose from the old, restrictive, classical traditions. The new régime has commenced with a stirring play, entitled "La Vie Publique," in which Gémier, who is an admirable actor as well as a first-rate manager, is seen at his best as a candidate for parliamentary honours. Gémier has had a hard struggle for fame, but he has reached it at last. Years ago he acted side by side with Antoine at the Théâtre Libre, in a play entitled "Blanchette." His rôle of an old road-mender was so picturesque, and so full of verve and originality, that it caught the public taste and rescued him from obscurity. There is a popular prejudice in Paris against dramas that deal either with politics or money-making, yet it is curious that three great successes of modern times have been obtained with pieces of this character. Their names are—"Les Affaires sont les Affaires," at the Comédie Française, "Ventres Dorés," at the Odéon, and now "La Vie Publique," *chez* Antoine. In none of these three plays has Cupid any show worth speaking of. This is quite a new tendency in the plays of our lively neighbours by the Seine.



SOME OF THE 100 SEALS RECENTLY SHOT BY TWO AMERICAN LADIES.



MRS. MAX FLEISCHMAN WITH HER MORNING'S BAG.

Mrs. Max Fleischman and Mrs. Holmes, of Cincinnati, recently accompanied their husbands and some other sportsmen on an exciting hunting trip in Northern seas. The party bagged 30 reindeer, 100 seals, 560 duck and other waterfowl, 23 polar bears (dead), and 2 live polar bears. The *Laura*, the ship on which the expedition sailed, is sister to the *Fridthjof*, in which the Wellman Expedition was made. Ice prevented a landing being made for 47 days.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS AS A HOLIDAY RESORT: A PLEASURE EXPEDITION IN NORTHERN SEAS.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



ONE OF THE POLAR BEARS SHOT BY MRS. FLEISCHMAN.

The Far East's Sick Man.

The oft-iterated story that the Emperor of Korea is helpless in Japanese hands might just as well be correct as not; he would be helpless in the hands of somebody else. He is the supreme monument of human incompetence in the Far East. He may mean well, but, that being granted, it has to be added that he displays superlative skill in hiding his good intentions. He has as many wives, so to speak, as there are days in the year, and some new lady is always being announced in the papers as the latest "Empress"—American ladies, European ladies, native ladies. The real Empress came to a shocking end a few years ago. She was the one strong "man" of Korea, so, her counsels having turned him Russia-ward, he permitted a band of Japanese to assassinate her. He calmly sat in judgment upon her past life, issued an edict condemning her conduct and counsels, as if she had been a common criminal, and said no more. But some industrious wight found the remains of the murdered lady, and the Emperor took advantage of the discovery to have a gorgeous funeral. The cost of it nearly ruined the country. He managed to bring about the war between China and Japan, which led, of course, to that with Russia; so, for a nonentity, he has done pretty well.

Masonic Lodges for Ladies.

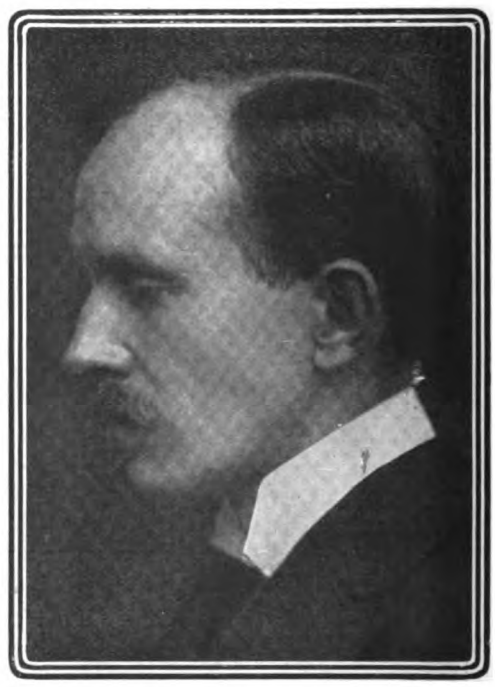
France is opening a number of Masonic lodges to ladies, and all Europe stands aghast, declaring the innovation unprecedented. Which, of course, is quite wrong. We have had a lady Freemason in this country, the Miss St. Leger who peeped and saw, and then had to be initiated. But in France, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, many "Loges d'Adoption" made ladies, as well as men, Freemasons. Very distinguished people were on the roll. The purpose of the lodges was really revolutionary, but that did not appear until the Revolution had begun. The highest nobles joined, so did their women-folk. The Princess de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette's devoted friend, was made Grand Mistress of the Mère Loge Écossaise d'Adoption. She would not consent to take office until she had consulted her Sovereign. Marie Antoinette reassured her. It was the plan of the Government to let the movement extend itself, because where many were members there was no danger of secrets. They ate and talked and sang and spoke of God, and they did many charities; therefore let them prosper. So thought the Queen of Tears in her innocence.



THE PRINCIPAL LADY SPEAKER AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS: MRS. CREIGHTON.

Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the late Bishop of London, was born in 1850, the tenth child of Robert von Glehn, and was married in 1872. She has written numerous works, including "A Social History of England" and "A First History of France," and among other things she has edited "Historical Essays and Reviews," by Dr. Creighton.

Photograph by Beresford.



A PROMINENT LAYMAN SPEAKER AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS: LORD HUGH CECIL.

Lord Hugh Cecil, one of the most prominent laymen speakers at the Church Congress at Barrow-in-Furness, is the fifth son of the third Marquess of Salisbury, and brother to the present Marquess. He was born in 1869, was educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, and was a private secretary to his father.

Photograph by Beresford.

Yet Another Peer Benedick.

Soon there will be no bachelor Peers left. The latest to announce himself as about to join the ranks of the Benedicks is young Lord Hastings, a notable Norfolk worthy and a popular cricketer. The new Peeress-elect is Miss Madge Nevill, the half-sister of Lady Camden, and one of the lovely granddaughters of Lord Abergavenny. Lord Hastings is one of the King's god-sons. Both their Majesties take an affectionate interest in his welfare, for, through his mother, he is a grandson of Lord Suffield, who has been for so long an intimate friend of the King, and the Sovereign has been a frequent guest at Melton Constable, his beautiful estate within easy distance of Sandringham.



THE MOST INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT OF THE MOMENT: MISS MADGE NEVILL, WHO IS TO MARRY LORD HASTINGS.

Photograph by Thomson.

The King's New Knights.

The bestowal of Knighthoods of the Garter and Thistle is inevitably dictated by political considerations. But in the honours conferred upon Lord Carrington, the new Garter Knight, and the Earl of Aberdeen, who succeeds to the vacant Knighthood of the Thistle, the King will have especial pleasure. The recipients are his personal friends. The new Garter Knight is among his Majesty's intimates. He is a great sportsman as well as an able administrator, and one of the most popular Colonial Governors ever sent out by the Old Country. "Thank God, he can't speak," said a plump Australian when the Earl made his bow at his first banquet under Australasian skies. He is not an orator; he is John Bull on his legs with something to say in the fewest, pithiest words. The first Peer wanted the right to drive through the Horse Guards. Pitt, whose banker he was, said, "No, I can't give you that, but I'll make you an Irish Peer." And he did. Lord Aberdeen's friendship with the King dates from childhood. He was taken, when a very small boy, to see the Queen and the royal children. The Earl's elder brother, destined to go out of life so mysteriously and tragically, was too much engrossed in watching the royal youngsters to make the correctly reverential bow. Thump on the back of his little head descended the hand of his mother. The future Earl of Aberdeen needed no such reminder. He made an obeisance so profound and courtly that it completely upset the gravity of the Queen, who laughed till she cried. The Earl's Prime Minister ancestor was one of the greatest tree-planters in Britain; Earl Carrington is doing the biggest thing in experimental agriculture of modern times. In all respects, politics apart, the two men so worthily honoured are men after the King's own heart.



THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE: THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, G.C.M.G.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

Royalty and the Stage.

The rumour that a German Prince is to marry an actress who has established a reputation in Berlin is not surprising; the Crown Prince is said to have lost his heart and found it again more than once in a similar atmosphere before he married the bride of his father's choosing. The lady who is the heroine of the moment is by no means the first to flutter the royal dovecotes of Europe. When Bavaria rose in stormy "'48," it was "Constitution" that she cried, but Lola Montez against whom she really agitated. The Hapsburgs have had their stage romances—and tragedies. The Archduke Johann, when he disappeared on that mysterious voyage, took with him on his yacht the operatic artist who, in spite of family counsels, he had made his wife. Had not Madame Patti preferred her liberty to a gilded captivity, she would to-day be a German Royal Princess—morganatic, perhaps, but still a Princess. Alliances in our own Royal Family with daughters of Thespis have not been uncommon.

A President "Sits Upon" His Salute.

A good story is told of M. Fallières when he was in the south of France a short time ago. He was cruising in his yacht, and as he passed some foreign men-of-war salutes were fired in his honour, but for some unknown reason the Presidential yacht did not reply. The officials began to dread foreign complications, and the captain, who was talking to M. Fallières, telegraphed angrily to the men to answer the salutes at once. But nothing happened, until at last one of the officers came up to the captain and said, "We cannot fire, Sir; the President is sitting on the ammunition." This reminds us of the story told of Queen Victoria on one of her earliest trips on board the royal yacht. The Queen noticed one afternoon that the men were talking together about something, and that there was a sense of uneasiness on board, and so she sent one of her attendants to ask what was the matter. The answer was, "It is time, Ma'am, for the men's grog to be served out, and your Majesty is sitting in front of the rum-cask." The Queen laughingly moved away, but insisted on having a taste of the grog, to see what it was like.

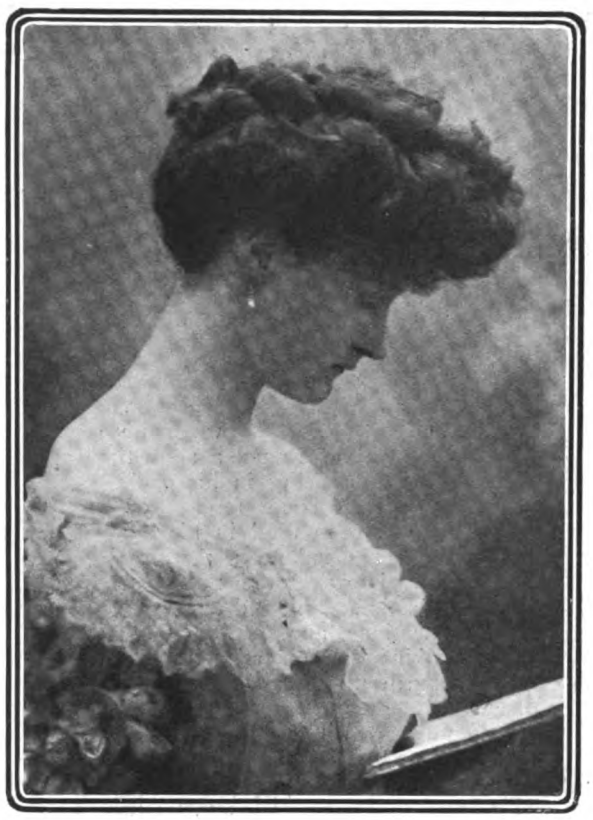
"Featuring" a Diva.

After all, Miss Edna May is not the first public favourite who has insisted upon what she describes as being "featured" upon the hoardings. Nobody was ever more particular in this matter than Patti herself. Here is a clause from one of her old agreements for a London season—"Mr. Mapleson engages that Madame Patti shall be announced daily during the series of Representations or Concerts in a special leaded advertisement among the Theatrical Advertisements over the Clock, as well as in the Operatic Casts or Concert Programmes in all Journals in which he may advertise his Operas or Concerts, and likewise that her name shall appear in a separate line of large letters in all Announce Bills of Operas or Concerts in or at which she is to appear, and that such letters shall be at least one-third larger than those employed for the announcement of any other Artiste in the same Cast or Programme." Words could not more clearly demonstrate the importance of being Patti.



THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE GARTER: EARL CARRINGTON, G.C.M.G.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.



A PRETTY IRISH DÉBUTANTE: LADY DOROTHY BROWNE.
Photograph by Lallie Charles.

An Irish Débutante. Lady Dorothy Browne, one of the prettiest of this year's Irish débutantes, had her first season terribly shadowed by the death of Lady Althorp, who gave her her second name of Margaret, and who was her mother's, Lady Kenmare's, favourite sister. Lady Dorothy spent much of her young life in Ireland, for though her father only succeeded to the Earldom last year, his family residence was splendid Killarney House, which, though modern, is an exact reproduction of an Elizabethan mansion. The Brownes have a close connection with the Court; the late Lord Kenmare was a one-time Lord Chamberlain, and the present Peer was Lord Aberdeen's State Steward during the Viceroyalty of 1886, while more recently he was Lord Dudley's Master of the Horse. Lady Dorothy and her only sister share their mother's practical interest in Irish industries; Lady Kenmare established some years ago the Killarney Furniture Works, which are patronised by many well-known people, including the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Lady Angela Forbes. Lady Angela Forbes is perhaps the least known of the brilliant group of sisters headed by Lady Warwick. For some time "The Visits of Elizabeth" was ascribed to her pen, but so far she has not followed her sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, into the field of literature. She is a very keen sportswoman, and some years ago founded the White Scottish Terrier Club, for, like many smart ladies, she is a connoisseur where dogs are concerned, and has a far-famed kennel, which has turned out many winners. Lady Angela was one of the first young Society matrons who chose a fanciful flower-name for her child—her little daughter bears the quaint cognomen of Marigold.



OWNER OF A FAR-FAMED KENNEL: LADY ANGELA FORBES.
Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Sunday Closing in Paris. Sunday closing has its first victim in Paris, in the region of Ménil-montant, where a worthy grocer fell dead when eight hundred people came suddenly upon him on Sunday morning and asked him why he did not close his shop and be quick about it. The Labour party of the Paris world is delighted at the compulsory Sunday rest; the other people are not; hence the mobbings. Not even those who benefit are quite reconciled to their new freedom. A certain watchman that we know of can find no better employment for his Sabbath than to sit by the other watchman, who replaces him in accordance with the law.



A PROMINENT "ROSEBUD": MISS POULTENEY BIGELOW.
Photograph by Lallie Charles.

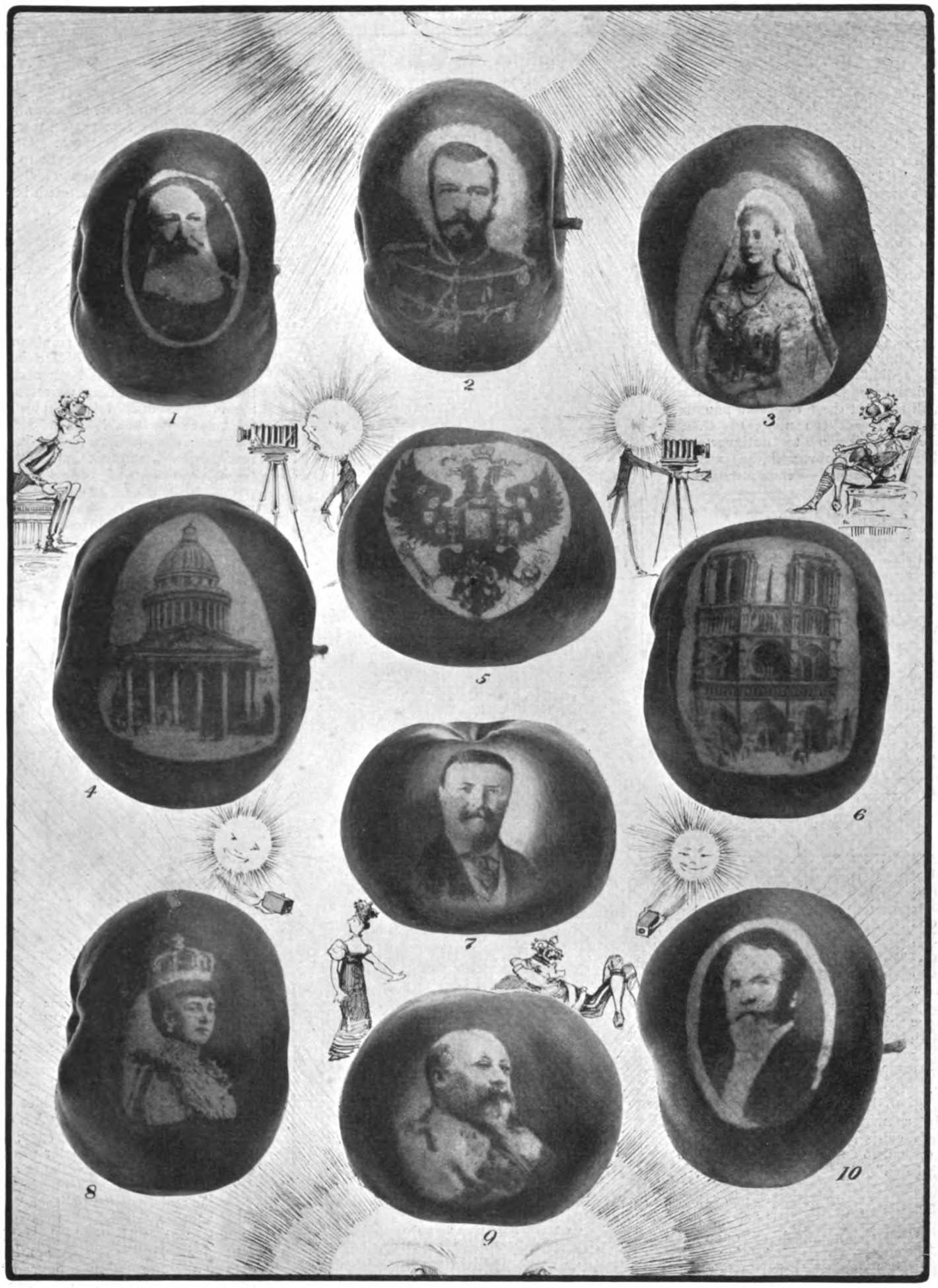
Miss Poulteney Bigelow. There is growing up in twentieth-century English Society an attractive group composed of young girls, or, as our Transatlantic cousins call them, "rosebuds," who, though of American birth, have spent most of their lives in this country. A case in point is that of Miss Bigelow, the daughter of the well-known writer who has so often acted as ardent advocate of the German Emperor. Mr. Bigelow and the mighty Kaiser were boys together; their friendship has endured, and accordingly, Miss Bigelow knows more about Germany and the great German world than falls to the lot of most English or American women.

The Marquise d'Hautpoul. The Princess Royal, whose serious illness has called forth so many warm expressions of sympathy, prefers, as has been well said, a few friends to a large circle of acquaintances. Among her intimates is the Marquise d'Hautpoul, who, as a girl, was the constant companion of Queen Alexandra's daughters. Theirs was an inherited friendship, for Mrs. Edward Stonor was one of the first Englishwomen who won the affection of "the Sea King's daughter from over the sea," and after Mrs. Stonor's premature death, the then Princess of Wales showed the greatest kindness and devotion to her children. The high regard in which Miss Julia Stonor was held by the Royal Family was significantly shown on the occasion of her marriage to the Anglo-French nobleman whose name she bears, for the young couple were lent Sandringham for their honeymoon—a favour never extended to any other friends of their Majesties.



A FRIEND OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL: THE MARQUISE D'HAUTPOUL.
Photograph by Lallie Charles.

APPLES AS P.O.P.: PORTRAITS PRINTED ON APPLES.



1. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. 2. THE TSAR. 3. THE TSARITSA. 4. THE PANTHÉON, IN PARIS. 5. THE RUSSIAN EAGLE. 6. NOTRE DAME DE PARIS. 7. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. 8. THE QUEEN. 9. THE KING. 10. PRESIDENT LOUBET.

France has found another ingenious use for photography—no less than the printing of portraits and scenes on apples. While the apples are still green on the tree, a thick paper bag is tied round each of them to keep the light from them. Then the gelatine of the negative it is desired to print on the apple is soaked away from the glass, hardened in an alum solution, and put in a damp state in close contact with the skin of the apple, from which, of course, the protecting bag has been removed. The sun, penetrating the negative, then causes the picture to be printed on the skin of the apple, just as it would cause it to be printed on ordinary printing-out paper placed under the negative. The picture when complete is, of course, in gradations of red and green, the natural colour of the fruit. The length of time required for the printing depends largely on the weather and the kind of apple used.

AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Criminal Cricket. We have all heard of the governor of a Scottish gaol taking out his one and only prisoner to help him in a quiet day's fishing, but it has remained for the Cape authorities to allow their convicts to be hired to bat and bowl in cricket matches away in the wilds. In Australia, upon one occasion at any rate, the process has been inverted—cricket first, gaol later. One of the members of an earlier Australian team which visited this country, upon returning home, started at once up country for the various branches of the bank of which he was manager. He found the cashier of one of the establishments playing a slashing innings, and considerately waited, before going to business, until the other had carried out his bat. Then the pair went to the bank. "Haven't seen you for four years; thought you were never coming near me again," said the local man. "You'll find everything right except my cash, which is about three thousand pounds short." They spent the night together, and in the morning went to headquarters, with no fuss or publicity, and the cashier took his five years' penal without a murmur.

The Peril of a Lunch. Men who risk and lose their liberty are known to sportsmen other than cricketers. Mr. Bryce, when travelling where Dyaks most do congregate, lost one whom he had taken into his employ. During the absence of his master the native, following his natural bent, had stolen something and landed himself in prison. This was not surprising, but it was awkward, for the man was cook. As it happened, the magistrate by whom the man had been committed was to join Mr. Bryce at luncheon. But how was the meal to be served without a cook to prepare it? Mr. Bryce is a man of resource. He put it to the magistrate, "No cook, no luncheon." His guest was as ready a man, and jumped at the hint. "Of course," he said, "we'll have him out on bail to cook the lunch, and then send him back." And they did.

Prize-Fighters as an Attraction at the Opera. The Royal Opera season, which is announced to open at Covent Garden on Friday, though it may not bring to London such an array of superlative talent as some of its predecessors in the days when Patti was a girl, thankful for a trial at forty pounds a week, seems, from a pecuniary point of view, less hazardous than those of the great days of old. In spite of the brilliant array of artists, the season of 1860 was a disastrous one financially for the enterprise in which Edward Tyrrel Smith and Colonel Mapleson were engaged. Covent Garden was flourishing, receipts at Her Majesty's declining. Smith determined on a fearful thing. Sayers and Heenan had fought their historic prize-fight. The fortunes of Grand Opera should be revived at Her Majesty's by the appearance of the bruisers on the night after the battle, with all their war-scars heavy upon them. Although the Colonel got the notice suppressed which had been sent to the Press, the two men did actually appear—in a special box which had been reserved for them. One corner of it was high-piled with brandy-and-soda, another with champagne. The warriors slept through the first act, then wearily took their bruises home to their respective couches.

SECRET SIGNS AND WARNINGS.



4. Thieves are in the Habit of Warning One Another of the Presence of a Police Officer by Splitting a Match thus.

5. The Position of the Hotel Labels Pasted on your Bag will tell the Hotel-Porter whether you Tip Freely or Meanly.

1. This Chalk Mark, Made upon your Fence or Wall, warns Tramps that you Give Beggars in Charge.

2. Burglars Signal to One Another by Tapping on a Water-Pipe with a Stick, using a Kind of Morse Code.

3. If a Waiter carries his Serviette so when he is Attending on you, it is a Sign that he Recognises you as one who Gives no Tips.

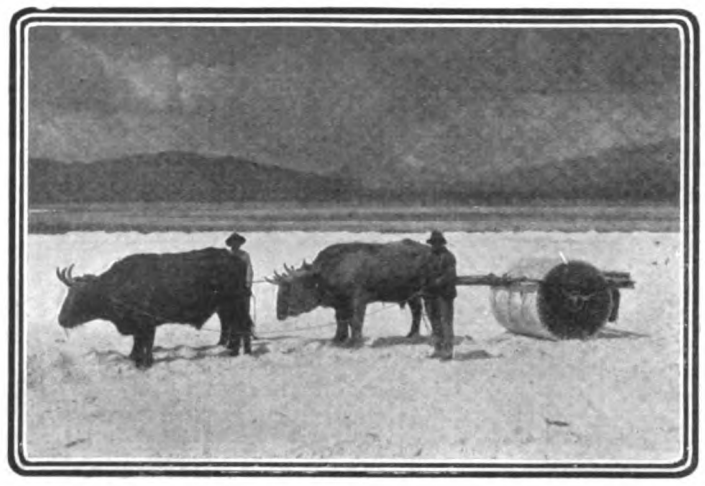
Barnumising the Church. If the minister at Peckham who promised to preach in armour, then did not, does not attract a congregation, then those who say that sermons have lost their attraction may feel their saying justified. Ancient methods have been abandoned in the New World, where vivisection experiments are conducted in the pulpit, wireless telegraphy installed and demonstrated during service, free swimming-baths and a roof-garden instituted, and extracts from popular novels and poems served up as pulpit discourses. And yet, could the present generation hear one of the old worthies whom Sir Archibald Geikie has described, that veteran would "draw" better than the most sensational. He it was who, in the middle of his sermon, was worried by a spider, swinging from the roof, bobbing against his face. Several times he blew it away and as often it returned. He stopped suddenly and glared at his congregation. "My friends," he said, "this is the dirtiest kirk ever I was in. I'm like to be pusioned wi' speeders!"

Spicing the Titles of Moral Discourses. They had a way of spicing the titles of moral discourses in Stuart and Cromwellian days which ought to make modern sensational preachers envious. A pamphlet of the time of Charles I. was entitled, "A most delectable, sweet per fumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to smell at." A later work was "A pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry." Cromwell's day brought forth "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches," and another, designed to exalt human nature, was "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." A gentleman with a taste for alliteration produced "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." More aggressive was the "Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion." Another author, more comprehensive, published "A Reaping Hook, well tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation." Modern sensationalism is sedate and tame by comparison with this.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!—CURIOSITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.



THE CAMEL AS A DRAUGHT ANIMAL: A CURIOUS HOODED CAMEL-CARRIAGE IN NORTHERN INDIA.



OXEN ENGAGED IN AN UNCOMMON PURSUIT: BULLS DRAWING A ROLLER OVER A FIELD OF BORAX.



A YOUNG DONKEY AS THE PET OF A MEXICAN FAMILY.

There are few, if any, Mexicans who do not own a donkey, and the animal occupies in the family much the same position as that filled (proverbially) by the Irish pig. When quite young, especially, the donkeys are great pets.



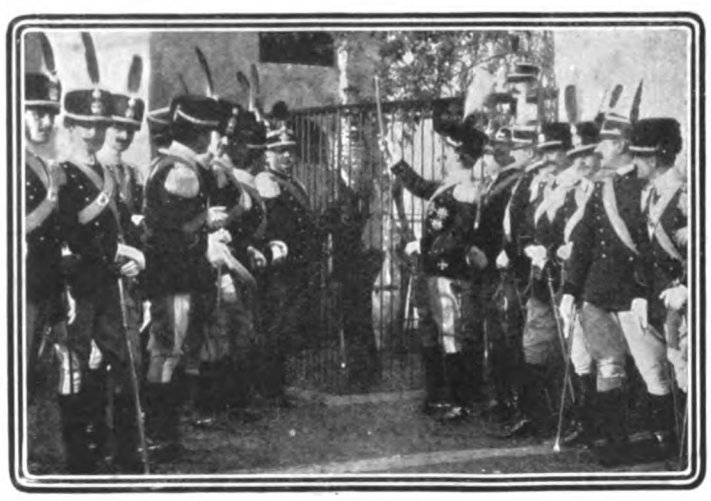
TWO-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD PAINTINGS OF ANIMALS BY BUSHMEN.

Our photograph shows examples at Marandellas, Rhodesia, which are supposed to be over 2000 years old, and are locally known as Bushmen paintings. Many such are to be found in Rhodesia, but none are better suited to photographic purposes than these illustrated.



A STRANGELY NAMED CHOW: PYCHOPS, OF H.M.S. "ALACRITY."

Pychops was so named from the fact that he signalised his "signing on" by stealing a beefsteak pie from the captain's galley. He was captured on the day after the surrender of Taku Forts to the allied forces.



A LEOPARD DINING IN STATE: THE COUNT OF TURIN FEEDING A LEOPARD IN THE PRESENCE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE LANCERS OF VERCELLI.



A TAME BEAR TAKING AN "À LA CART" MEAL IN YELLOWSTONE PARK: BRUIN RECEIVES A SNACK FROM A PASSING TRADESMAN.

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THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.

"THE SILVER BOX."

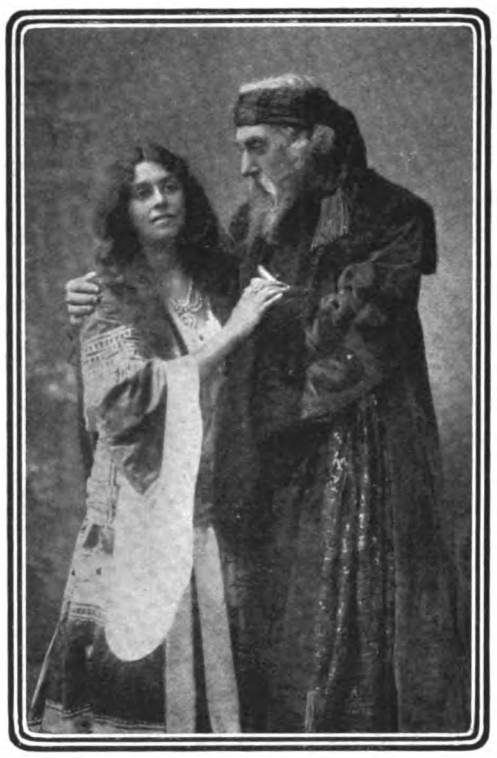
BY producing "The Silver Box" Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker have proved once again what admirable plays there are to be found among the works of literary men if managers will but look for them. Mr. Galsworthy is a novelist of some repute, but, so far as I am aware, this is his first effort upon the stage. I did not observe in it any faults worth mentioning, and if there are any, they are certainly not those usually apparent in a beginner. It is true he drops his curtain twice in the first act to mark the passage of time from night to early morning and from early morning to the breakfast hour; and he divides his second act into two scenes. Modern technique has made it a kind of rule that each act shall in time and place be an undivided whole, and the test of the expert has been whether he can get all he wants on to the stage without violating probability; but the rule admits of exceptions, and Mr. Galsworthy has justified his daring in breaking it.

It is quite startling to find drawn in their true colours certain ordinary incidents in human life which farce and melodrama have for years so distorted as to make them seem quite unfitted for serious drama. When Jack Barthwick comes home after midnight more than slightly drunk, it is not a pleasant sight, and the author is quite frank about it; he does not mean it to be pleasant. The scene is there because the play requires it: so Mr. Galsworthy sets it before us, skilfully, from the dramatic point of view, but without comment, exaggeration, or embellishment. He just removes one wall from the Barthwick dining-room and lets us see inside. He removes the wall again next morning, and a real housemaid and a real charwoman seem to dispel the atmosphere of a real debauch. The ghosts of a thousand farces flit disconsolate about the theatre. banished from the stage, but hoping that the housemaid may begin, "Well, young master did 'ave a time last night!" It is unnecessary to say that they are disappointed: the housemaid says nothing of the kind. The ghosts take courage again when Miss Sydney Fairbrother, as a person with whom Jack spent the evening, turns up for her purse (seized by him in a drunken freak) and encounters his scandalised father. Here, surely, is a scene which cannot exist outside of farce; but the father is real, the person is brilliantly, almost distressingly real, and the ghosts retire in despair.

But the spirit of melodrama now raises a hopeful head. The charwoman is a sweet, humble, meek creature who has seen better days. She has married a brute, who has been out of work for two months. His name is Jones. He ill-treats her. Last night he saw Jack home, and, being invited to help himself, got drunk and took a silver cigarette-box and the purse of the lady mentioned above. The cigarette-box is missed and Mrs. Jones suspected. Now surely will she raise herself to her full height, wither her accusers with a glance, and, looking up to the gallery, refute them in accents of scorn as she is haled off in chains. But it is not so. Quite quietly she denies having seen the box, quite quietly the detective finds the box in her miserable room, her husband admits the theft and assaults the police, and with businesslike promptitude they are both marched off, with never a thought shown in word or act for the gallery where that spirit sits wondering what has happened to his favourite scene. Then comes the problem.

The problem is very simple, and the answer to it is very true. The detective, still businesslike and quiet, finds the family at dinner, Master Jack still with a headache. He gets them to identify the box, and mentions that the male prisoner has a story about Jack drunk and a lady's purse. The problem is, "How to keep the whole thing out of the papers?" Withdraw the prosecution? The detective shakes his head. The man may not be guilty? But what is the fate of one of the unemployed compared with the reputation of an M.P.'s family? There is a moment when Mrs. Barthwick's conscience seems to be aroused by the sobbing of Jones's child out in the street. But the mood apparently passes, for, before it leads to anything, Mr. Galsworthy removes the wall from a police-court and shows us how it works. I doubt whether a court of law has ever been presented on the stage with such conscientious, unemotional accuracy. It is all hopelessly unjust; without a word to suggest that he is doing so, Mr. Galsworthy makes a ferocious attack upon—upon what? I suppose upon the Society against which Jones rails for the greater part of his miserable life. But who is to blame? The magistrate is strictly correct; Jones certainly does put wild questions from the dock—these allegations about some purse or other seem irrelevant; the solicitor, *qua* solicitor, is justified in getting his client Jack quickly out of the box; and as for Mr. Barthwick—well, what does a month's hard labour mean to a man like Jones? And as for Jones's wife, discharged but beggared—well, it is a hard world; and Mr. Galsworthy has written a very striking play, which gives us this world from Jones's point of view.

The acting, as usual, is brilliant; every minute of it and every character. I should like to mention everybody, from the perfect Jack of Mr. A. E. Matthews, to the Usher of Mr. Norman Page. Miss Irene Rooke, however, deserves a very special word for her beautiful performance of Mrs. Jones, and Mr. James Hearn, Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Athol Forde, Miss Frances Ivor, and Miss Sydney Fairbrother are all entirely admirable in their respective ways.



MISS DORA BARTON AS REBECCA, AND MR. CHARLES GARRY AS ISAAC OF YORK IN "IVANHOE."

Photographs by Percy Guttenberg.

A SCOTT NOVEL ON THE STAGE: "IVANHOE" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

"Ivanhoe" is a dramatisation of Walter Scott's novel by William Palmer. Mr. A. Caton Woodville, who plays Ivanhoe, is the son of Mr. R. Caton Woodville, the well-known military artist of the *Illustrated London News*.

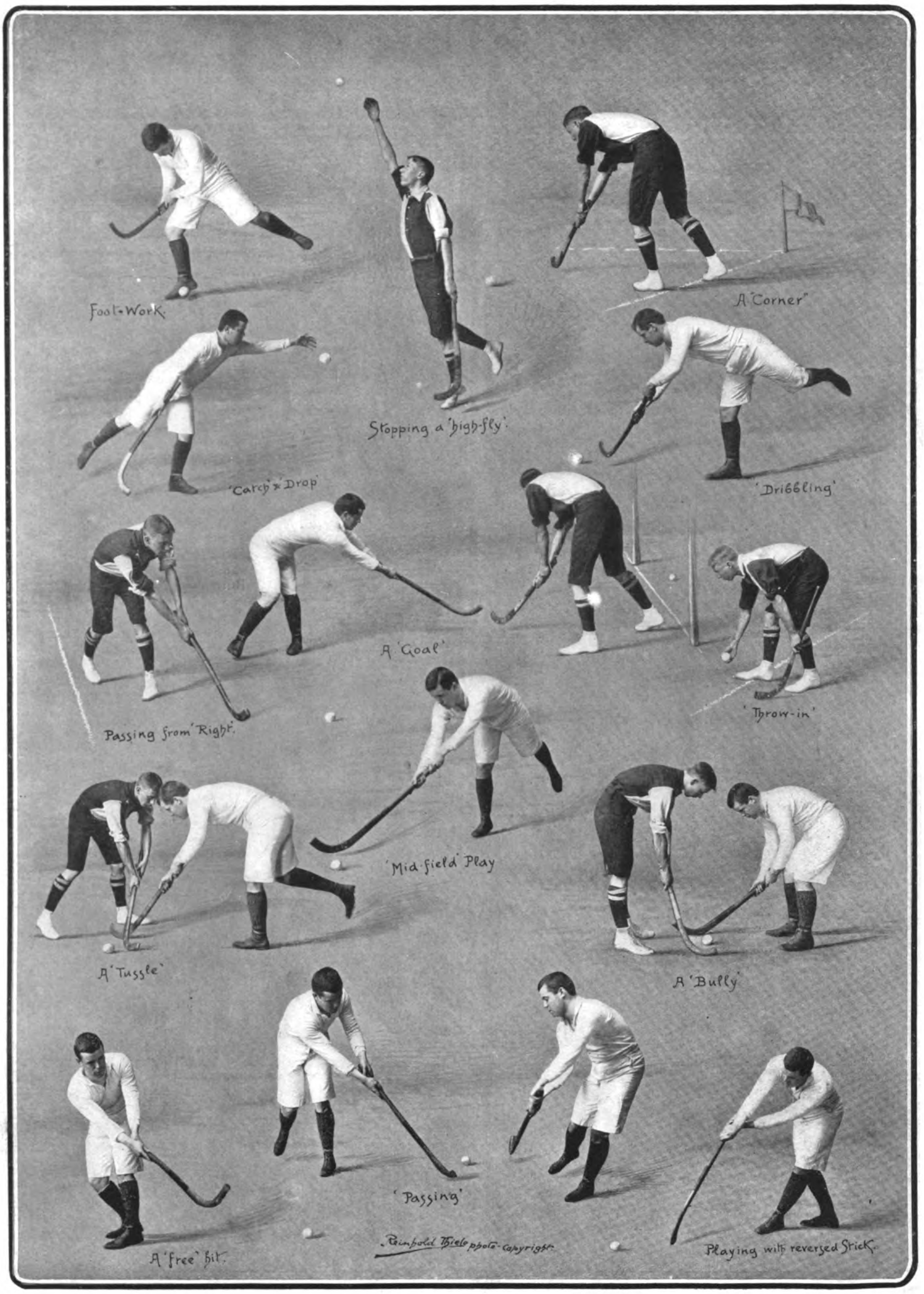


MR. HARRISON BROCKBANK AS FRIAR TUCK IN "IVANHOE."



MR. A. CATON WOODVILLE AS IVANHOE IN "IVANHOE."

FOOTBALL'S MOST SERIOUS RIVAL.



HOCKEY.

Copyright Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

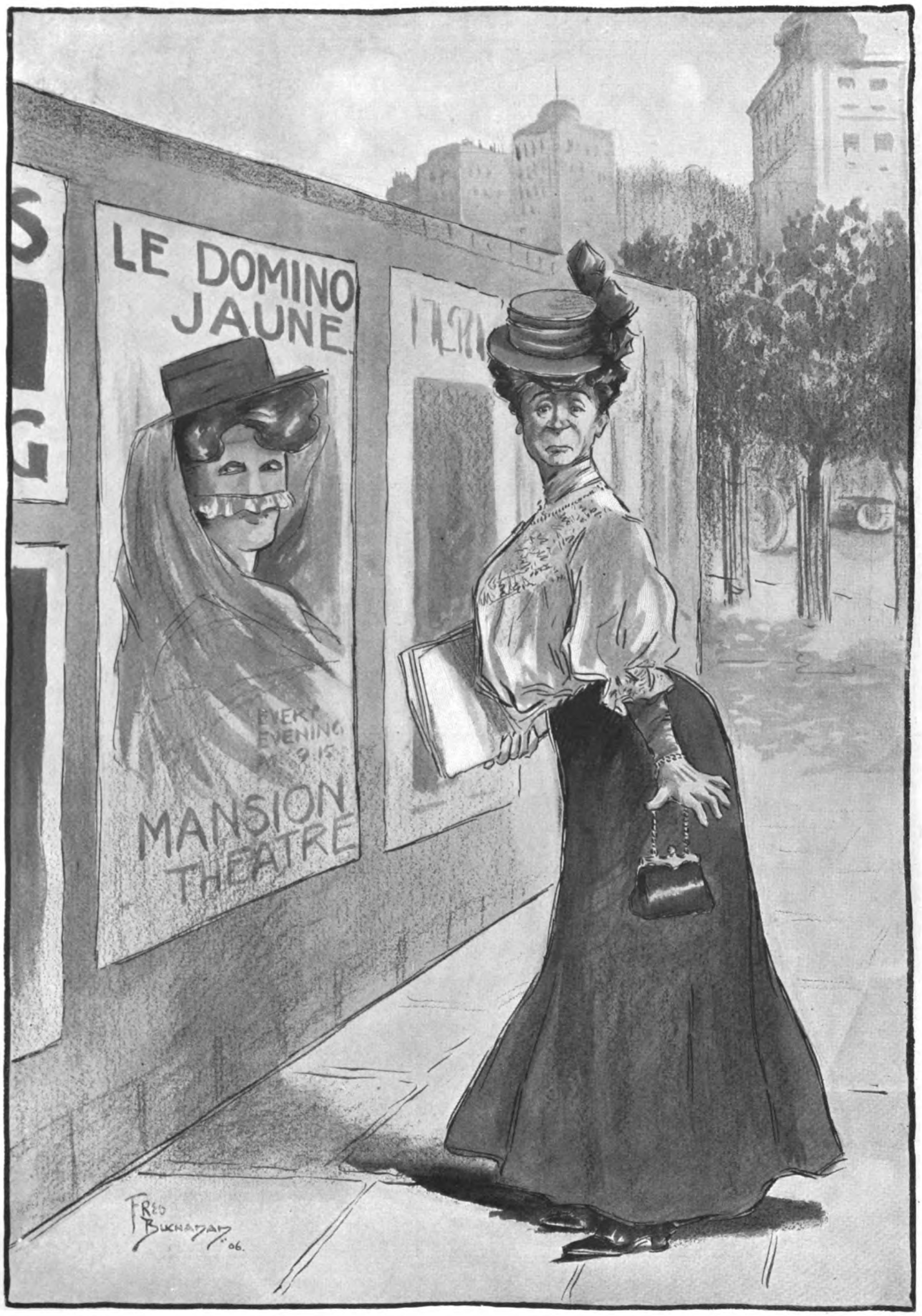
NEED FOR PROTECTION!



THE MUSICIAN *(gazing dolefully at the wailing poodle)*: Same old story. It 's this 'ere bloomin' forrin competition wot kills our perfession.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.

WHAT'S IN A FACE?



SOURED CHORUS LADY: Wears a mask, does she? All for effect! P'raps I'd 'ave done better if I'd 'id my face.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



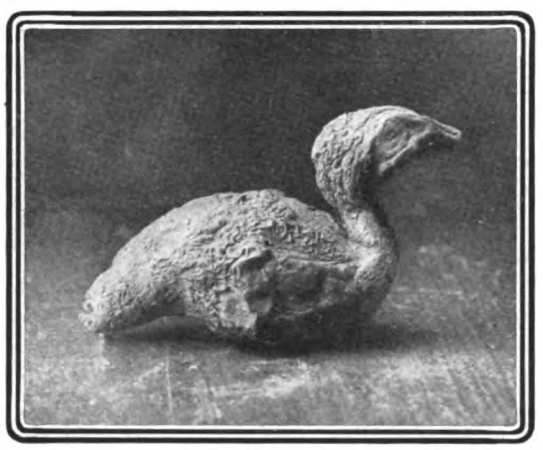
WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



"The Abuse of Sport."

Some months ago I drew attention in these columns to a singularly brutal custom that prevails in some hunting districts, and referred to an anonymous letter that appeared in the *Standard*, giving particulars of a piece of barbarity that would probably sicken three hunting-men out of four. Although the writer of the letter to the *Standard* was well known to me, I could not say anything to reveal his identity, because at that moment he had good reasons for withholding it. These reasons are no longer binding, and in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* the author of the letter that created so much attention among the hunting community reopens the question in an article entitled "The Abuse of Sport." It will be widely read and commented upon in many different ways, but the facts set out cannot be controverted, and it will be no hard task for the many hunting-men who must have ridden side by side with Mr. Basil Tozer last season to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's," and see for themselves that certain hunting establishments require to be put in order.



VERY LIKE A DUCK: A CURIOUSLY SHAPED POTATO.

Photograph by W. A. Mountstephen.

The Dug-out Fox.

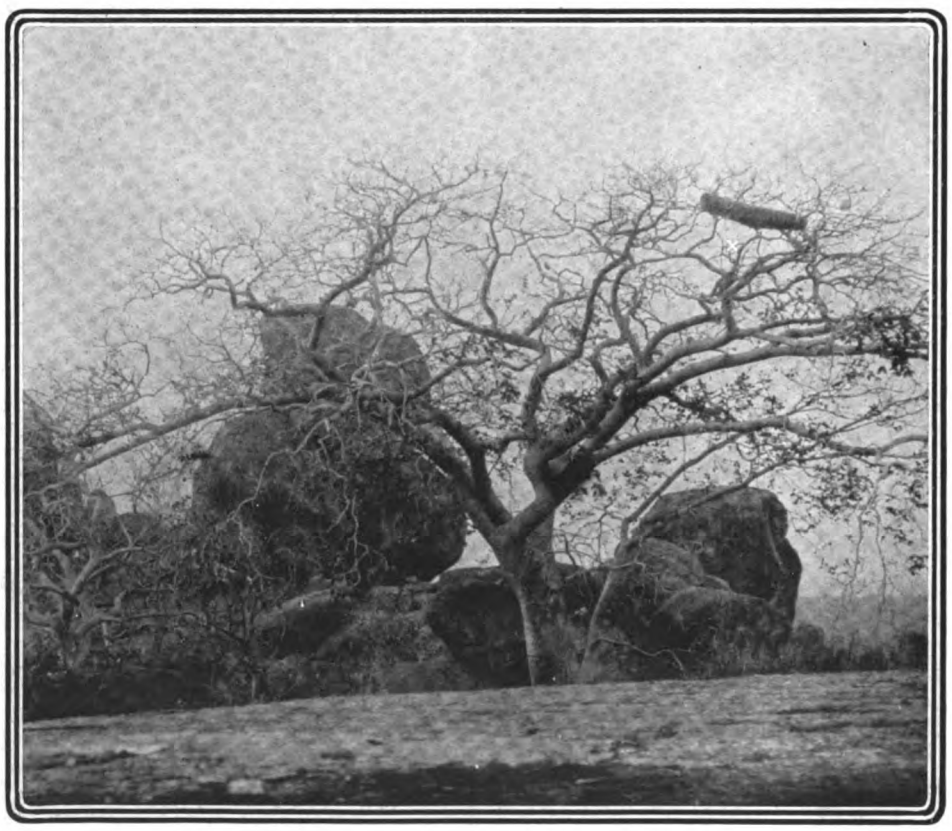
As far as the foxes are concerned, it is very hard to see why digging should be practised. The author of "The Abuse of Sport" can see no further excuse for the custom than the complaints of the farmers who wish to see plenty of foxes killed. It may be suggested that there are very many foxes killed in the open, quite enough to satisfy any reasonable farmer whose claims are properly considered by the Hunt Committee. To dig out a beaten fox and throw it to the pack is an abominable cruelty that no argument can justify; indeed, Mr. Tozer points out that a fox that comes to ground after giving a good run is seldom or never molested in Ireland, the feeling of Irish sportsmen being quite against the procedure that prevails in this country. Mr. Tozer makes short work of excuses that will be forthcoming in the controversy that is almost bound to rage round his article. The Master of the Hunt must be held responsible for every abuse practised by his servants. He cannot plead ignorance, for if he does not know what goes on in his own domain he has no claim to the position of M. F. H. If, on the other hand, he justifies such abominations as are exposed in "The Abuse of Sport," the question as to whether he is fit to ride in the company of gentlemen is one that will not always be answered in his favour.

Feathered Birds.

Turning from hunting to shooting, Mr. Tozer deals with the proportion of birds that are wounded, and compares it with the proportion that are shot "stone-dead," arriving at the conclusion that out of every four or five grouse, partridges, or pheasants fired at, including birds driven, shot over dogs, and walked up, only one is killed outright. Of the others, some get away unhurt, others go away slightly wounded, and the rest are retrieved and killed. It is difficult, of course, to work out an average with any degree of accuracy, but it must be clear to everybody who carries a shot-gun that there is a very great difference between shooting birds under easy circumstances and shooting them under difficulties. For example, if a line of guns walks over clover at the beginning of September in a country where partridges are plentiful, it is reasonable to suppose that five out of every six birds that rise will be shot, and that four out of the five will be killed outright. The same proportions should prevail when pheasants are put easily in front of the guns, and come out of a wood before they are in their strongest flight and with no wind behind them. Grouse rising to dogs from long heather on August days, when there is no more wind than avails to give the dogs a chance, can be shot with almost equal certainty; and there are sportsmen who will pardon the tameness of such procedure because there is little or no cruelty associated with it.

Hard Shots.

On the other hand, birds that get up wild in front of the guns, or come over the butts, or skim the hedges with the wind in their favour, offer a pretty and tempting shot enough; but how often does the gunner see his bird disappearing, leaving a tiny cloud of feathers falling slowly to the ground, to remind him that he has failed either to miss or to kill his bird? As far as I have been able to note in the course of a long and varied shooting experience, two birds out of every three that get away wounded suffer because the gunner has shot beneath them; and as a stray pellet or two can easily snap a bird's leg without doing anything to arrest its flight, it is not hard to understand why the ranks of shooting-men are reduced from time to time, because sensitive sportsmen come to the conclusion that sport is associated with too much suffering on the part of the brute creation.



AN EXTRAORDINARY HIVE FOR WILD BEES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF M'VOLO (X).

Such hives are comparatively common in the M'Volo region. They look rather like long baskets, are made of plaited bindweed, are nearly eight feet long, and have an opening at one end. The honey they contain is excellent, and the natives store it in jars.

The Via Media.

Happily there is a half-way house wherein the humane sportsman can take refuge. It is possible to receive a measure of instruction that may enable any man who is not an absolute duffer to kill his quarry within a certain limited range; and if a man will restrict his performance to that limit, and will refrain from pulling the trigger until he is fairly sure that he has his fur or feather dead, there will be comparatively little to regret at the end of the day. It is common knowledge that the best sporting shots in this country are men who adopt a very similar practice. Of course their range is only limited by the capacity of the guns and cartridges they are shooting with, but their procedure is one that may well be imitated by those of us who may never hope to be really first-class shots.

A GREAT SINGER WHOSE VOICE IS BEING "PRESERVED"

FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



MME. MELBA, WHO HAS BEEN "RECORDING" HER VOICE FOR THE BENEFIT OF POSTERITY.

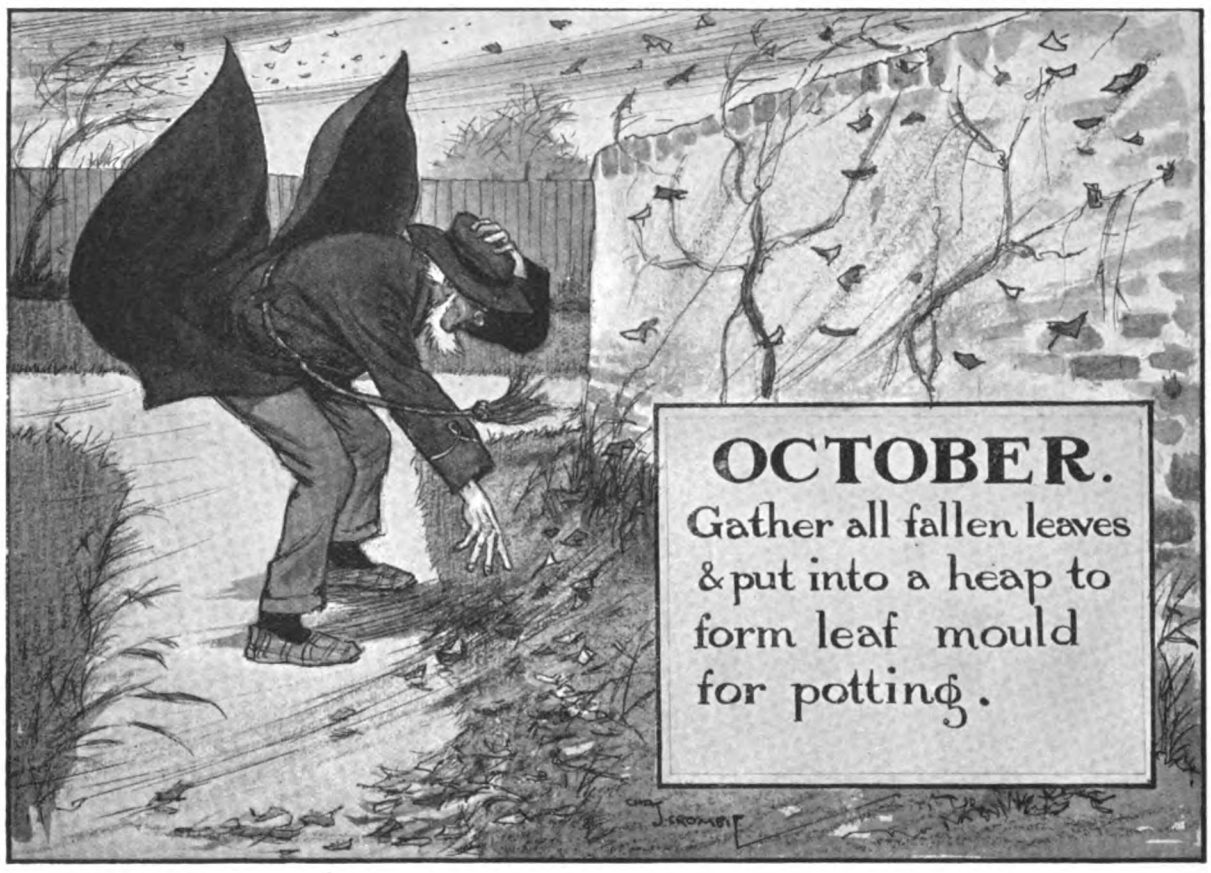
Mme. Melba, who, it is announced, will sing on the first night of the autumn season of Italian Grand Opera at Covent Garden (at present fixed for Friday next), has just made four Gramophone Records, which are to be sent to the trustees of the British Museum. The famous singer is said to have been most pleased with the records, and is satisfied that future generations will hear her sing as she herself would wish them to do.

Photograph by M. Shadwell Clerke.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. R. W. CHAMBERS, the novelist, gave up a career as an artist for that of an author. Charles Dana Gibson and Mr. Chambers were students together at an art school. They took their first work to the periodical called *Life*, and Mr. Chambers's drawing was accepted, while Mr. Gibson's was refused. In spite of this beginning, Chambers preferred a literary career, and he is now almost as well known in England as in America. He is said to be fond of outdoor life, and he has made an excellent collection of butterflies.

Mark Twain is working very hard just now in recalling his past. Not a few wonderful stories occurred to him, of which this is one of the latest. As a young man in a small country town, he earned his living at one time by shovelling sand. He says it was a most disagreeable occupation, for in sifting the sand through a wire netting most of it went down his neck and up his sleeves. One day a notorious politician made a speech in the town Twain was living in, and Twain went to hear him. He said he had just to sit down and write up that man. He did not say who it was, but he gave all his mannerisms, and everyone guessed who it was. The newspaper in the town published the article, and shortly afterwards the regular reporter went away to visit his family, and he asked Mark Twain to take his job on the paper. This he did, and it was the beginning of his literary career. This story of his beginning has been told differently, but Mark Twain ought to know.



"THE GARDENER'S MONTH-BY-MONTH GUIDE TO SUCCESS": HINTS FOR THE HORTICULTURIST.
Drawn by Charles Crombie.

The remarkable success of Fogazzaro's "Il Santo" is likely to produce quite a crop of religious stories. A writer named F. W. Van Oesteren has issued in two volumes a Jesuit story, in which members of the Order itself play an important part. They are the creators of and actors in a scheme to counteract the influence of a Prince who is their enemy at Court. There are many episodes grouped about the main plot, and it is said that the Fathers themselves are splendidly portrayed. The novelist keeps himself in the background and suppresses his own comments. The book is to be translated into English.

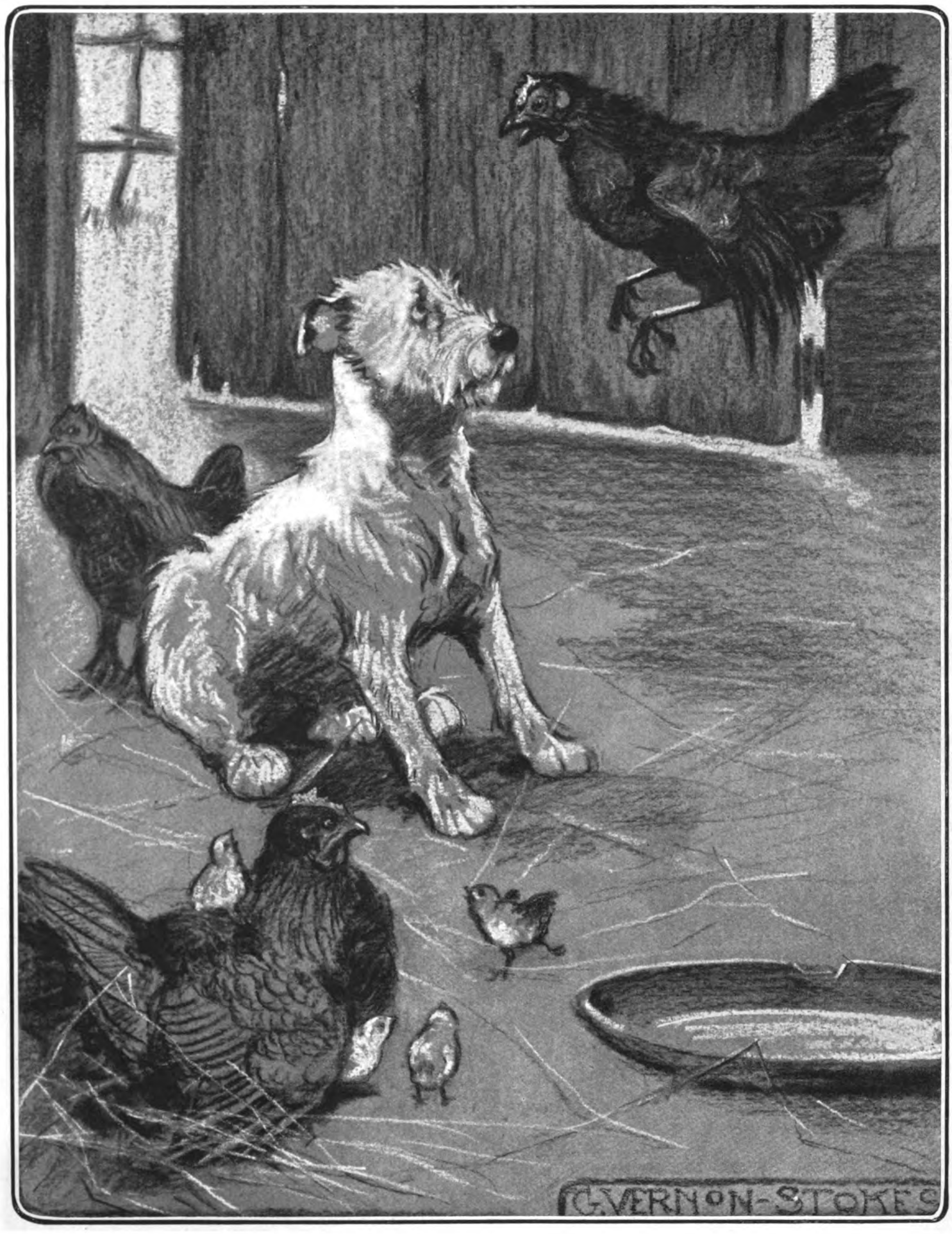
The spelling controversy has not been taken very seriously in this country, but in the United States it seems to be the subject of the day. Some of the chief American publishers are in favour of spelling reform, and are members of Mr. Carnegie's committee. But the leading publisher, Mr. Brett, the President of the Macmillan Company, thinks that the adoption of the President's new form of spelling would lead to the jeopardising and even the annihilation of the export trade in American literature, which the larger publishers have been fostering with so much care for a number of years. He mentions that his own company has within the last few weeks shipped upwards of 30,000 volumes by American authors to foreign countries, in these being included India, South Africa, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Japan. To follow the President's list of words in simplified spelling would, in Mr. Brett's opinion, kill this export trade which he and all other publishers are so desirous of building up. The time will come, says Mr. Brett, when the United States will take the lead in literature, as it is bound to do in ordinary matters of commerce, given wise administration of the laws; and to aid the set-back to this movement that would follow the general adoption of the President's order would be a step in the wrong direction. This is an argument addressed to the pocket.

Mr. E. V. Lucas's new book, "A Wanderer in London" (Methuen), is sure to be popular. Londoners, as a rule, know very little of their city. They move on certain routes, and very rarely desert them. Thus a man may know the City, St. James's and Kensington, Chelsea or Hampstead, and be all but completely ignorant of the rest. Mr. Lucas, though not a born Londoner nor a blind lover of the city, has taken pains and seen many things. He is most delightful when he is most personal, but he has found it necessary to incorporate a great many prosaic facts from the regular authorities, and these are sufficiently dull, though no doubt valuable and instructive. As the book stands, however, it is very acceptable and very helpful. There are strange omissions. For example, I find no reference to Paternoster Row, nor does Mr. Lucas quite get to the essence of the Londoner's feeling about London. "You rarely hear the true Londoner praising his city. He can afford to find fault with it, but at the bottom of his heart the consciousness abides that London is the centre of the world. I never heard him say so, for it is not the Londoner's way to talk like a Bostonian. But wherever he goes when he leaves London he knows that he is more or less out of the way." Mr. Lucas, however, does justice to the Londoner's immense patience. "No one accepts slights and insults so much as a matter of course. He may grumble a little, but he never really protests; and next day he has forgotten. The Londoner has no memory. I say it again and again: he has no memory, and no public spirit or real resentment. . . . He pays his money day after day for a seat in the train, and cheerfully stands for the whole journey home, hanging perilously to a strap or hat-rack, packed closer than the Humane Society (to which, perhaps, he contributes) would allow anyone to pack creatures who lack immortal souls." This is true and well said; but if Mr. Lucas were in New York he would discover that the patience of the American infinitely surpasses the patience of the Londoner.

Mr. Lucas is most happy when he deals with the literary side of his subject. Thus he points out the contrast between Dickens and Stevenson. "It was Dickens who first introduced Englishmen to London as a capital of mystery and fun, tragedy and eccentricity; it was Dickens who discovered London's melodramatic wealth. But Dickens did not invent anything. It was Stevenson, in his 'New Arabian Nights,' who may be said to have invented the romantic possibilities of new streets. Stevenson transferred the Baghdad formula to London, and turned such places as Campden Hill and Hampstead into regions of daring and delightful possibilities." The following sentence may be criticised for its grammar, but its truth is beyond cavil: "After reading the 'New Arabian Nights,' the tamest residence holds potentialities; and not a tobacconist but may be a prince in disguise, not a hansom-cabman but may bear a roving commission to inveigle you to an adventure." O. O.

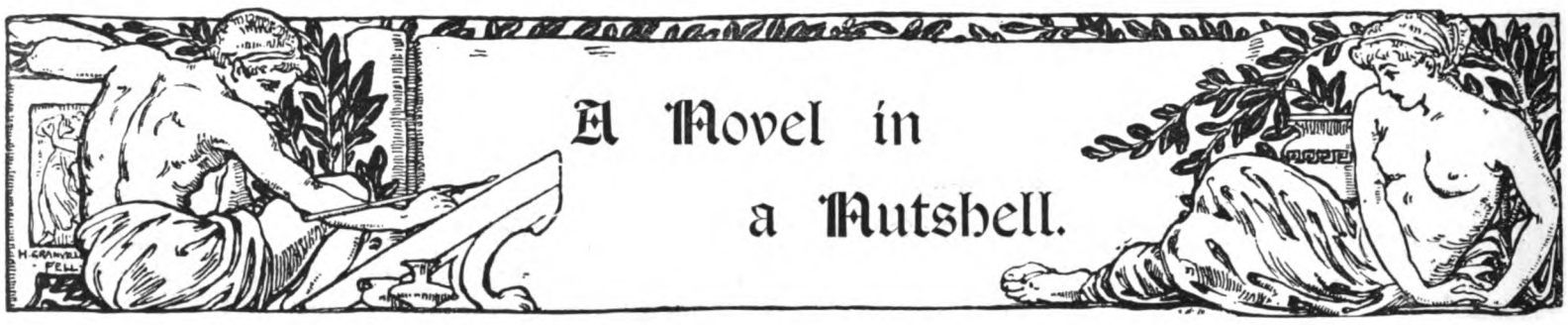
THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

BEING THE STORY OF A CANINE RAKEWELL.



VI.—HE GOES TO A MOTHERS' MEETING AND IS HECKLED.

Drawn by G. Vernon Stokes.



THE LUNACY OF CAPTAIN BARNACLE.

BY ALEXANDER McGILL.

CAPTAIN BARNACLE took out a red Bandana handkerchief, mopped his perspiring brow furiously, and then sat down heavily on a pile of rope and beamed at his no less perspiring mate.

"'Ot, Halfred?" he queried cheerfully. "Well," as the other passed a grimy hand over a greasy face, "well, I'll allow it is *warm*; but I remember when I——"

His reminiscences were brought to an abrupt close by a shrill female voice from below.

"Are you a-comin' to 'ave your tea, 'Enery Barnacle, or are you not? 'Ere's the shrimps a fair wagglin' their tails with the 'eat, and the butter runnin' to hoblivity."

"Hoblivion, Martha, hoblivion," mildly corrected the Captain, as he ambled down into the cabin, where his better half was awaiting her lord and master.

"I'll ask you not to correct my language before the men, 'Enery," began the lady indignantly.

"No offence, my dear, no offence," Captain Barnacle assured her.

"And what is more, I won't 'ave you a-standing on the best carpet with your dirty, tarry boots. Take them off at once, 'Enery, and put your slippers on."

"But, my dear——" expostulated the hot and hungry Captain.

"I'll 'ave no 'buts,' 'Enery Barnacle; so long as you're my 'usband you'll do as you're told."

Captain Barnacle collapsed into a chair, and laboriously pulled off his boots, at the same time depositing a fair amount of tar and mud on the carpet.

"And now you may 'ave your tea, 'Enery; but mind you eat it slow."

"Thanky very much, Martha," murmured the Captain, and attacked the shrimps and watercress with gusto.

"I see, my dear——" he began, with a mouth full of bread-and-butter.

"I think I 'ave mentioned to you before, 'Enery Barnacle, that no gentleman ever utters a sillybull with his mouth full."

The Captain nearly choked in the effort to amend his error, and for the rest of the meal could not be persuaded to utter a word, to the annoyance of Mrs. Barnacle, whose pet hobby was the cultivation of politeness. It was "politeness" from morning till night, week in, week out, until the Captain hardly knew how he ought to treat his own crew; indeed, it was reported that he had sent a message requesting that "Mr. 'Amilton would be so good as to swab them decks in a more thorough manner." Mr. Hamilton was the deck-boy.

That evening, when his worthy spouse was ashore doing the Saturday night's shopping, Captain Barnacle confided his troubles to his first mate, Mr. Heavytop.

"It can't go on, Halfred," remarked the Captain, for about the fortieth time. "I can't stand it no longer."

Heavytop puffed moodily at his pipe, and gazed abstractedly at his empty glass.

"Will you 'ave a drop more, Halfred?" said Captain Barnacle hastily, seeing the direction in which Mr. Heavytop's eyes were riveted.

"Thanky, Cap'n," said Mr. Heavytop, with a start; "I don't mind if I do."

"Halfred," said Captain Barnacle suddenly, "something's got to be done. I'm sick of this politeness twiddle-twaddle, and I'm not goin' to stand no more, so there!" and he thumped the table, and spilt some whisky down Mr. Heavytop's trousers, which that gentleman carefully mopped up.

"Quite right, Cap'n Barnacle, quite right," agreed the first mate encouragingly, and they again lapsed into silence.

Suddenly Mr. Heavytop slapped his leg.

"I 'ave it, Cap'n—the very thing: if it don't cure Mrs. Barnacle of bein' a lady, I'll eat my sou'-wester. Thanky, Cap'n, I will 'ave jest a 'alf a glass more—with a dash of soda, if you don't mind. Thanky; 'ere's to you, Cap'n Barnacle."

They solemnly drank to each other, and then Mr. Heavytop expounded his idea.

"You must go balmy," was his startling suggestion.

The Captain sat bolt upright, a look of terror on his features.

"What—me?" he gasped.

The first mate nodded gravely, and lit his pipe with the air of one who has spoken wisely and well.

"You must go balmy," he repeated, to the consternation of Captain Barnacle.

"But I don't u—understand, Halfred," he stammered.

"A—ah, but you will, Cap'n—you will," Mr. Heavytop assured him. "Now, you just listen to me. You must go balmy——"

"You 've said that afore, Halfred 'Eavytop," remarked the Captain testily.

"Mebbe I 'ave, Cap'n Barnacle—mebbe I 'ave; but if you 'd rather put up with bein' 'enpecked than to 'ave the advice of a friend, well, I 'ave no more to say on the subject," and with a lordly air Mr. Heavytop prepared to quit the little cabin.

"Steady, Halfred, I meant no harm, really. Come, now, sit down, there 's a good chap, and let 's 'ave your plan."

After much persuasion, the first mate acceded to the Captain's pleadings, and sat himself down again.

"You must go balmy," he repeated. Captain Barnacle groaned. "You must develop what is called a mania."

"What 's that, Halfred?"

"A mania is a scientific term, Cap'n, that means a sort of a—well, I hardly know how to explain it to you. It 's a kind of complication, and means that—but no matter; as long as you 'ave a mania, you 're all right. Now, your line o' goods in the mania way must be 'toojuers lar politessy,' as the French say, which means 'politeness.'"

"I never knew as you spoke French, Halfred," remarked Captain Barnacle with admiration.

"Jest a trifle, Cap'n—jest a trifle," said Mr. Heavytop modestly. "But, do you see my idea, Cap'n? No? Why it 's as plain as rope's-end. You must always be on your best behaviour, always—now d 'you see?"

A delighted grin spread over Captain Barnacle's weatherbeaten face, and he shook his first mate by the hand.

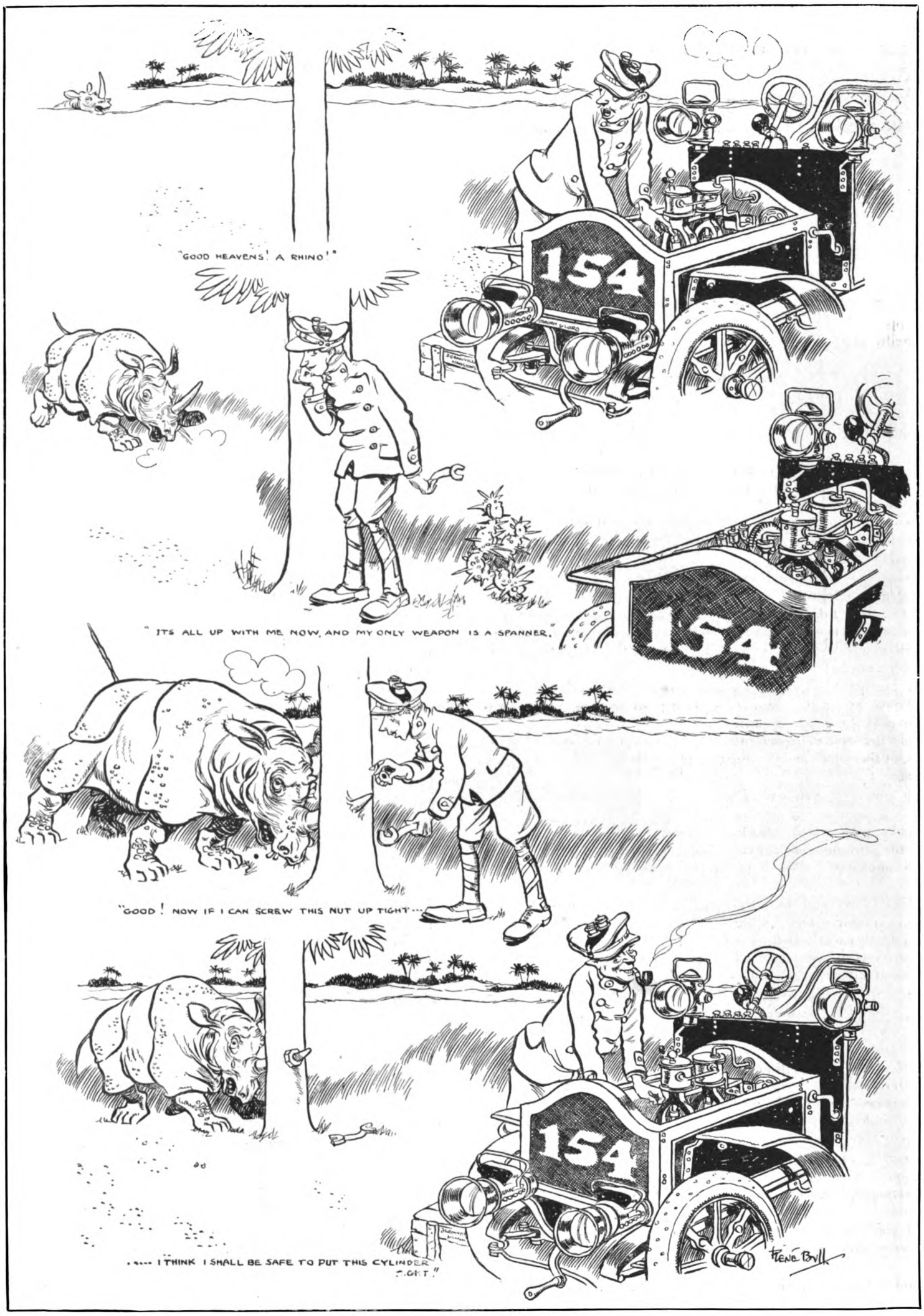
"Halfred, you 're a wonder. What a thing it is to 'ave brains, Halfred, ain't it?"

With becoming modesty Halfred acknowledged that it was very useful.

It was Sunday morning, and Captain Barnacle was busy smoking his pipe and looking up the river, when suddenly Mr. Heavytop,

[*Continued overleaf.*

ANOTHER TOURIST TROPHY—NOT IN THE ISLE OF MAN.



REPAIRING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Drawn by René Bull.

who was standing close by, noticed a peculiar expression on the Captain's face—a vacuous, idiotic look that made him jump all over.

He went across and took the Captain by the arm.

"Are you ill, Cap'n?" he inquired anxiously.

Captain Barnacle looked the first mate up and down, and then shook himself free from the other's hand.

"I am not aware, Sir, that we 've ever been introduced, and I make it an unbroken rule never to address my conversation to strangers. I bid you a very good day," and with a sweeping bow he left Mr. Heavytop gaping after him in dumb astonishment.

The first mate, after a few minutes, went down in search of Mrs. Barnacle, and found that lady busy peeling potatoes.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Barnacle," said Mr. Heavytop affably.

"Good mornin', Mr. 'Eavytop; is it not very close to-day?"

"Yes, it 's very 'ot, Ma'am, very 'ot indeed, and p'raps that may 'ave somethin' to do with it."

"Something to do with what, Mr. 'Eavytop?" said Mrs. Barnacle.

With awful gravity Mr. Heavytop drew a chair up to the table, and without a word sat down.

"Mrs. Barnacle," he said suddenly to that astonished lady, "'as your 'usband ever been mad?—it 's all right, Ma'am, it 's all right, Ma'am—I entreat you not to faint," as with a hysterical laugh Mrs. Barnacle applied the corner of her apron to her eyes. "I only asked you becos the Cap'n seems funny this morning. I expect it 's the 'eat—but 'ere 'e comes; now you 'll see for yourself, Ma'am."

They looked towards the door, in which appeared the burly figure of Captain Barnacle, who, removing his hat, sat down on the mat, carefully took off his boots, and, after polishing the soles with his handkerchief, gravely put them on again.

Mrs. Barnacle gazed at him with anger and astonishment written in every line of her face.

"'Enery Barnacle, you 're making a fool of yourself," she snapped.

"I beg your pardon, Martha, but your coarse language jars my nerves. Be a little more polite in the choice of your words my love."

Mr. Heavytop at this moment seemed in imminent danger of choking, but recovered, and explained that he "did get these attacks with the hexcessive 'eat."

"When you 've done, 'Enery, we 'll 'ave dinner," broke in Mrs. Barnacle.

"Willingly, my dear," smiled the amiable Captain. "I trust," turning to Mr. Heavytop, "I trust, Sir, as we shall be honoured by your company at our festive board—allow me," and with a grave face he dusted a chair and placed it for the first mate, repeating the operation with the others.

"Will you sit down, 'Enery Barnacle?" said his wife angrily.

"It would be a breach of good manners I could not lower myself to commit, Martha. When you and Mr. 'Eavytop are seated I shall be 'appy to accommodate myself on an 'umble stool."

"It 's the 'eat," whispered the first mate to the exasperated Mrs. Barnacle. "'E 'll be all right in a hour or two."

But, on the contrary, the Captain seemed to get worse, until at last Mr. Heavytop confided to Mrs. Barnacle that her husband was suffering from mania.

"Jest listen to 'im, Ma'am," he said, and from the deck came the Captain's voice.

"Mr. 'Amilton," this being the deck-boy aforesaid, "Mr. 'Amilton, should I be a-takin' advantage of your generous nature if I was to ask you to wash them platters cleaner, and not to leave a broom on the stairs for me to fall over, as I was in danger of seriously 'urting myself this morning? Thank you, Mr. 'Amilton; I am very much obliged to you, Sir"

"The man 's mad," gasped Mrs. Barnacle, and Mr. Heavytop nodded gravely.

"I 'm afraid so, Ma'am; I 'm afraid so, but we must 'ope, Mrs. Barnacle, we must 'ope for the best. I don't think I should distress myself if I was you."

"Distress myself, indeed!" snorted the lady, "I 'll do no such thing, Mr. 'Eavytop; but I 'll bring him to his senses, or my name 's not Martha Barnacle."

"'Ow am I getting on, Halfred?" asked the Captain a little later when they were seated in his cabin.

"Bee-yutiful, Cap'n, couldn't be better; but don't overdo it, or Mrs. Barnacle 'll twig."

Three days passed, and still the Captain persisted in his weird conduct, until on the morning of the fourth day he did a foolish thing. In the midst of his overwhelming politeness, during the momentary absence of Mrs. Barnacle, he indulged in a portentous wink, but, unfortunately, his better half returned at the very moment he was giving vent to his humour.

The mouth of the good lady hardened and set in a straight line. There was an ominous glitter in her eye; she said not a word, but fixed the Captain and his mate with an awful look.

"I 've heard from them, Mr. 'Eavytop," she said suddenly, with a meaning look at the Captain.

"Heard from them—heard from who, Ma'am?" asked the first mate in wonder.

"The Asylum Board," snapped Mrs. Barnacle.

"The wh-a-a-t?" gasped Mr. Heavytop, while the Captain groaned, and would have collapsed but for the restraining hand of his mate.

"The Asylum Board," repeated the lady; "I wrote them yesterday asking them to send and take charge of my 'usband, who 'ad a mania, and this morning I received a reply sayin' as two men would be aboard the barge at ten o'clock—and it 's now five minutes to."

"Martha, it 's all a mistake," groaned Captain Barnacle. "I ain't a blithering idiot; it was a bit o' fun I was 'avin' with you. I 'm as sane as you are, and a sight more than some people I know," and he withered Mr. Heavytop with a glance.

"It 's very sad, Mr. 'Eavytop, ain't it? that 'Enery should be took so sudden—cut off in the prime of his facilities, so to speak."

Mr. Heavytop mopped his face and gazed with awe-stricken eyes first at the Captain and then at Mrs. Barnacle.

"At any rate," continued the lady, "the poor dear 'll be well looked after now, won't 'e, Mr. 'Eavytop?"

The first mate nodded weakly.

Then the Captain swore lustily, and politeness was forgotten.

"I tell ye, ye 're making a fool of yourself, Martha," he stormed.

"Getting violent, you see, Mr. 'Eavytop," whispered Mrs. Barnacle, and then the Captain fled, and cuffed the deck-boy for laughing at him.

It was a miserable-looking man that came into the Captain's cabin a little later.

"Things don't seem to be goin' on quite as successful as we thought, Cap'n," he ventured, after waiting a minute.

"No, they don't, Halfred 'Eavytop. This comes of listening to a tomfool jabbering about what he don't know nothing of."

"Who 's a tomfool, Cap'n Barnacle?"

"You are, Mr. 'Eavytop. If it 'adn't been for you, I shouldn't be in the mess I am now. Me—carted off to a bally lunatic asylum like a silly fool. Funny, ain't it?"

At that moment the head of Mrs. Barnacle was thrust in the door.

"I 've decided, Mr. 'Eavytop," she said, "to treat 'Enery myself. Do you think he need be kept in his cabin all day?"

"N—no, I shouldn't think so, Ma'am," replied Halfred feebly.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned the Captain, as his better half took her departure. "To think it should come to this: Cap'n 'Enery Barnacle treated like a blithering idiot."

From then things went from bad to worse. The men defied him, as they had received instructions from Mrs. Barnacle that they must take no notice of the Captain, as he was not quite right in his head. He was kept in his cabin all day, was not allowed to smoke or drink, and, in short, life wasn't worth living.

One morning Mrs. Barnacle entered his cabin and surveyed the crestfallen skipper.

"Well, 'Enery, 'ow are you feelin'?" she asked quietly.

Barnacle groaned in spirit, and drummed his feet on the floor.

"It 's no good you trying to play the fool with me, 'Enery, as you should know by this time," she continued energetically. "When you and your precious mate plan your little schemes in future," Mrs. Barnacle proceeded, after a pause for breath, "mind there 's no one listenin' outside the door."

"Who was listenin'?" exploded Captain Barnacle, rising in wrath.

"'Amilton. E' told me what 'e 'eard while I was ashore."

"The mean, sneaking little brute!" roared the Captain. "I 'll tan his hide with a rope's-end till 'e 'd wish 'e 'd never been born."

"You 'll do no such thing, 'Enery, or the Asylum Board may 'ave somethin' to say."

Then Captain Barnacle said—but no, on second thoughts I won't tell you what he said; you mightn't like it.

Precisely three hours later two woebegone figures sat in Captain Barnacle's cabin, and smiled at each other in a sickly fashion.

"We don't seem to 'ave done much good, Captain, do we?" remarked one, Alf Heavytop by name.

"You 're right, Halfred, we ain't. In fact, we 've made things wuss. I did 'ave a bit of freedom afore, and command of my own barge, but even that 's took from me now, and Lord knows 'ow long it 's goin' to last. I can't persuade Mrs. Barnacle as I 'm as sane as anyone on this earth."

"I 'm sure I can't suggest anythin'," said Mr. Heavytop miserably, "unless we make a clean breast of the whole affair."

"I 'ave, and all she says is that if I keep quiet I shall soon be better, so I 'm booked as a blazin' idiot for the rest of my days."

Another spell of painful silence, and then Mr. Heavytop spoke again.

"I think as I 'll be going now, Cap'n. Good night."

"Good night, Halfred, good night." Mr. Heavytop moved towards the door. "Halfred," said the skipper, "you ain't got married, 'ave you?"

"Not I, Cap'n, thank 'eaven."

"Well, Halfred, you take it from me and—don't. Good night, Halfred."

THE END.



THEATRICAL managers seem bent on proving their disbelief in the familiar superstition of the ill-luck of thirteen. Last month, it will be remembered, Mr. Arthur Collins selected that date for the production of "The Bondman," though he subsequently had to change it. This month the 13th is chosen by Mr. Jerrard Grant-Allen for the inauguration of his managerial career at the Criterion, which he has secured for a short time from Sir Charles Wyndham.

One of the disadvantages of the modern system which rules in the theatre—a system against which actors and actresses are constantly inveighing, but to which they are invariably compelled to succumb in obedience to the inexorable law unhappily formulated by a Frenchman in the presence of a cynic as *il faut vivre*—is the necessity of following a success in one part by the representation of similar characters. In this way, to voice a complaint frequently heard in the green-room, actors are turned into specialists, and are only engaged when such characters happen to be required. The latest victim is Miss Ethel Matthews, whose success in an episodical part in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" will be remembered by all who saw that bright little comedy. There is a somewhat similar part in "The Amateur Socialist," the new play for the Criterion, and Miss Ethel Matthews will play it.

Those readers of *The Sketch* who have good memories will recollect that on this page was chronicled the production in America of a strong one-act play, "The Lemonade Boy," written by Miss Gladys Unger, who has been waiting so long for the promised London production of her play, "Sheridan," which was tried with success at Brighton. "The Lemonade Boy" has been selected to precede "The Amateur Socialist," and will, no doubt, be a sop of consolation in Miss Unger's pot of patience.

The playgoers who valued the art of Miss Eleanor Robson when she played in "Merely Mary Ann," at the Duke of York's, as well as the admirers of the work of Mr. Israel Zangwill, will wish them both well on Monday, when the latter's play, "Nurse Marjorie," will be produced in New York. As in the case of "Merely Mary Ann," the title-rôle will be played by Miss Robson, and the leading man's part, that of a wealthy Labour Leader M.P., by Mr. H. B. Warner. Miss Ada Dwyer, who acted the landlady in "Merely Mary Ann," has also a part, and Miss Essex Dane has gone to America on purpose to play in this piece. Another English actor to be associated with the work is Mr. A. G.—commonly called "Bogie"—Andrews, who has seceded from Mr. Richard Mansfield, with whom he has been associated for probably fifteen years, in order to act in it. Mr. Andrews, it will be remembered, was at one time a member of Sir Henry Irving's company at the Lyceum, and used to act boys' parts—the Dauphin in "Louis XI.," Joliquet in "The Lyons Mail," and so on.

Unlike most dramatists, who eat their hearts out waiting for the opportunity of a hearing, Mr. John Galsworthy has come into his own in a remarkably short space of time. "The Silver Box," now being given at special matinées at the Court, was written only at the beginning of this year. It is his first play, and it is also his last—for the present—for he had not written one before and he has not written one since. The principles which he holds before himself in playwriting are to avoid all forced and false dialogue, all unnatural action, and all irrelevant incidents, and to relate the subject-matter to some existing social condition or phase of national life. In criticising "The Silver Box" Mr. William Archer drew attention to a resemblance between it and Hauptmann's "Biberpelz," which was acted under the title of "The Thieves' Comedy." It is only fair, however, to Mr. Galsworthy to note that the only play of Hauptmann's he has seen is "Die Versunkene Glocke," which has been acted in America under the title of "The Sunken Bell." The only other modern German play he has seen is Sudermann's "Magda," while he has witnessed none of the modern French dramatists' work, and "The Wild Duck" is the only Ibsen play he has seen acted.



ALL HER OWN! MISS EVELYN BERESFORD, SHOWING HER WONDERFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

Miss Beresford is playing one of the Eight Wives who are a feature of "Amāsis."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

While the Drama furnishes Mr. Edgar Wallace, the well-known war-correspondent, with his recreation, as well it may, seeing that he is the son of an actor, he has not dramatised his own story, "The Four Just Men." The work has been done by Mr. George Warren, and will be produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on Monday evening by Mr. Bannister Howard, under the direction of Mr. Cecil Barth. Several well-known actors have been engaged, including Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, Mr. Gordon Bailey, Mr. Hubert Willis, Mr. E. H. Dobell, and Mr. Charles Terric, Miss Alys Rees, and Miss Dorothea Desmond.

Actors being naturally tenacious of the good name of the dramatic profession, there has been a good deal of feeling over the announcement that Mr. Arthur Applin's new novel, "A Chorus Girl," is to be "an indictment of the stage and an exposure of its vices," etc. The statement has caused most chagrin to Mr. Applin himself, and has annoyed him very much, for not only is he an actor first and an author afterwards, but he has found his best and kindest friends on the stage, not to mention the best and kindest of all—his wife, the highly gifted Miss Edyth Olive, who has made such great successes in the Greek plays at the Court, in Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry's company, and elsewhere.

Mr. Applin is, indeed, no stranger to readers of *The Sketch*, for a few years ago he used to write "sketches" and short stories for this paper. It was a short serial called "Dolores," published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which, in consequence of the opposition of Mrs. Grundy, created a sensation, caused him to cancel an arrangement to go to South America to build a railway, and started him in what he has called "the serial-story habit," which has now become second nature to him. He is also well known as a writer of short stories, and his name appears in at least one of the current magazines.

As an actor he has had a wide experience since he made his début at the Theatre Royal, Torquay. He has acted at most of the West End theatres; among them the Haymarket, the Savoy, the Shaftesbury, the Court, the St. James's, the Globe, and the Strand, in which last he played in Ibsen. He has therefore been connected with many of the best-known actors—Mr. Cyril Maude, Madame Le Bargy, Mrs. Brown Potter, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Julia Neilson, and Mr. Fred Terry, with whom he was for a long time in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," as well as in the musical drama, "For Sword or Song."

KEY-NOTES

THE Autumn Season at Covent Garden is now practically completed, so far as engagements go. It is announced to open on Friday, and the first performance will be one of "Rigoletto," Madame Melba taking the part of Gilda, Signor Sammarco that of Rigoletto, and Signor Krismer the part of the Duke. It may be also mentioned that Signor Krismer is new to this country. As I write, the whole company has already arrived in London, to start rehearsals, and, as in the course of last year's autumnal season, Signor Mugnone will be the conductor. Two new operas are to be given—new, that is, as far as London is concerned—Giordano's "Fedora" and Catalani's "Lorelei." Both these works have been received with enthusiasm abroad.

Within a very few days, the cognoscenti will give their views upon Elgar's new work, "The Kingdom," which is being produced at Birmingham during the present week. In a future column we propose to review that work according to its deserts. The pianoforte score is some indication, however, of the immense industry, combined with inspiration, which Elgar has devoted to a tremendous ideal, which even now, perhaps, is not finally carried out. In this respect he reminds one of Wagner. Wagner's idea in the inspiration which led to "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was to express in music no less than in words the feeling of an ideal never before really given to the world. Elgar, on the other hand, starts from the time of Christ, and therewith, with his wonderful brain, sensitive no less to music than to literature, preaches a gospel which destroys the whole ideal of the old gods. Whether Elgar will succeed in making his teaching—for teaching indeed it is—a matter of universal prayer or not, does not occupy the mind of the ordinary critic; but it is curious to note how, in "Parsifal," Wagner realised the point of the ultimate position of Christianity, and yet more curious to note how Elgar has taken up the forward idea which led the Apostles to preach a new gospel over all the world. They imagined that their preaching was for all the world; and, really, the undecided controversy between Elgar and Wagner only shows how great these two artists have been in taking up a similar standpoint.



THE GUARDIAN OF THE ARTISTIC SIDE OF THE BAYREUTH FESTIVALS, AND HER DAUGHTER: FRAU COSIMA WAGNER AND FRÄULEIN EVA WAGNER IN THE GROUNDS OF THEIR VILLA AT BAYREUTH.

In these days, when Bayreuth Festivals attract all the great singers and opera-lovers of the world, Cosima Wagner directs the artistic side of the performances with certain knowledge and unbending determination. Hers is perhaps the most dominant personality in Bayreuth. In the photograph reproduced here she is seen in the garden of her villa at Bayreuth, accompanied by her daughter Eva. Frau Cosima Wagner's association with things musical is of very long standing, for her first husband was the celebrated musician Von Bulow, and her maiden name was Liszt. It is said that Frau Wagner's ruling is responsible for the difficulties besetting the paths of the impresarios who seek to produce "Parsifal."

The Queen's Hall Orchestra's Symphony Concerts have, through the natural methods of publication, issued their programme for the season, which will include eight concerts, four before Christmas and four in 1907. The programmes contain three novelties, and Mr. Wood will repeat the "Episode," "Ausfahrt und Schiffbruch," by Ernst Boehe, which was remarkably successful at a recent Promenade Concert. The first performance in England also will be given of Dohnanyi's "Concertstück" for Orchestra and Violoncello, in which Professor Hugo Becker will play the solo part. The performance is dated for Feb. 2.

One of the most interesting announcements connected with the Queen's Hall Orchestra is that Sarasate will be associated with that band for the first time in his playing of Ialo's "Symphonie Espagnole." At the second concert, Lady Hallé will play Brahms' Violin Concerto. Here is a combination of two violinists who can scarcely be surpassed in the musical world, if one leaves out the name of Joachim. That remarkable pianist, M. Raoul Pugno, will play the pianoforte part at the third concert in Mozart's E flat Concerto, and in César Franck's symphonic poem, "Les Djinns." At the seventh concert of the series Kreisler plays the solo part in Mendelssohn's Concerto, and on March 2 Madame Carreño will play the pianoforte part in Rubinstein's Fourth Concerto. Another very interesting announcement has to be made, in connection with the engagement which is now pending of Miss Therese Malten, a well-known singer of Wagner's music, a lady who was the first to take the part of Kundry in "Parsifal."



Miss Marie Hall. Miss E. Hall.

A FAMOUS YOUNG VIOLINIST AND THE SISTER WHOSE MUSICAL EDUCATION SHE IS CARRYING OUT: MISS MARIE HALL AND MISS EVELINE HALL.

Miss Marie Hall, the famous young violinist, has undertaken to carry out the musical education of her 17-year-old sister for the next few years, and went with her to Vienna the other day, staying with her during her entrance examination for the Conservatoire. Miss Eveline Hall is already a most capable harpist, but although she will study the harp and the piano only for the next year or two, it is the desire of her sister that she shall eventually appear as a singer. With this object in view, she will be trained by the leading masters of the day.

Photograph by Lena Connell.

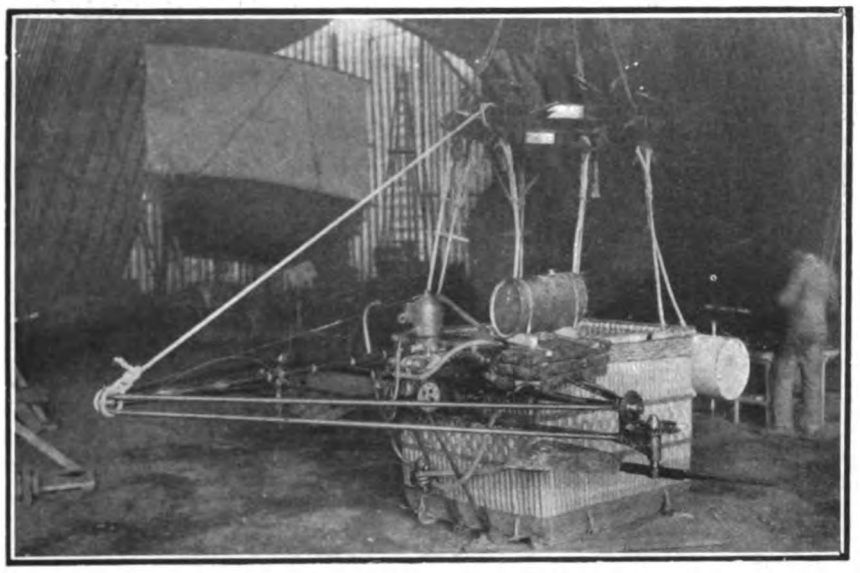
Mr. Granville Bantock, that very clever musician, was represented a few days ago by the first performance of his Prelude entitled "Sappho," which, under Mr. Henry Wood's conducting, was produced at the Queen's Hall. It was a little unfortunate that Mr. Bantock chose to use his fine instinct for orchestration in combination with a melody which was, to use an ancient phrase, distinctly "cheap." Mr. Bantock realises the genius of the orchestra from many points of view; he has not only studied to advantage, but he has also worked to advantage. But it is only kind to warn him that occasionally his thoughts run far more to the orchestral treatment of a tune than to the tune itself. The advice which has to be given to him is that which ought to be given to every modern composer, with, of course, two or three exceptions. Let them remember that Mozart, glorious instrumentalist as he was, always considered his melody before he considered its setting. They must remember that melody comes first; after that, it is naturally necessary to consider the question of orchestration. Mr. Bantock is certainly in fairly good company, for there have been many well-known composers, from Palestrina down to those of our day, who have not realised that fact. Chief among these is probably Berlioz; but the ways of Berlioz are perilous to the modern musician, inasmuch as he was a composer of instrumental music gifted with so high a genius that his neglect of melody may almost be forgiven him. Mr. Bantock has a gift for instrumental music also; but he should be told directly, and without any hesitation, that it is perilous to walk in that path without the cultivation of his melodic instinct.

COMMON CHORD.



THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE—EVOLUTION OF AN UNSALEABLE CAR—UNSUITABLE BODY MEASUREMENTS AND WEIGHTS—EXCESSIVE SPEEDS FOR TOURING VEHICLES—SPARSE FUEL-ALLOWANCE—TYRE PRESSURES AND WHEEL LOADS—HOW TO WEIGH A CAR—WEATHER PROTECTION FOR SPORTING CARS.

IT is greatly to be feared that after all the expense and trouble that have been gone to by the makers, by the Club, and by the technical and general Press, in preparing for, governing, and chronicling it, the Tourist Trophy race is, as run at present, tending to develop a type of car that the motor-buying public—or at least a very large majority of them—do not want to purchase. It is a pity that this should be so, but such is the general opinion, although the fact is still a feather in the cap of the automobile industry. Designers and constructors are certainly to be admired for the skill and thought which have enabled them to produce what are practically supremely fast small racing cars within regulations drafted by those who were assured that any vehicle complying with them in all respects must prove a most desirable light touring car. Let those who examined the cars gathered in the assembling field on Tuesday, 25th ult., say whether this was so or no. Something had surely gone very much awry with the body dimensions and weights, for after complying with the dimensional regulations as to width and height of seats, upholstery, etc., many entering makers were obliged to line their footboards with sheet lead and otherwise weight their bodies to bring them into line.



THE GREAT GORDON BENNETT CUP RACE IN THE AIR: THE CAR OF THE BALLOON ENTERED BY M. SANTOS-DUMONT.

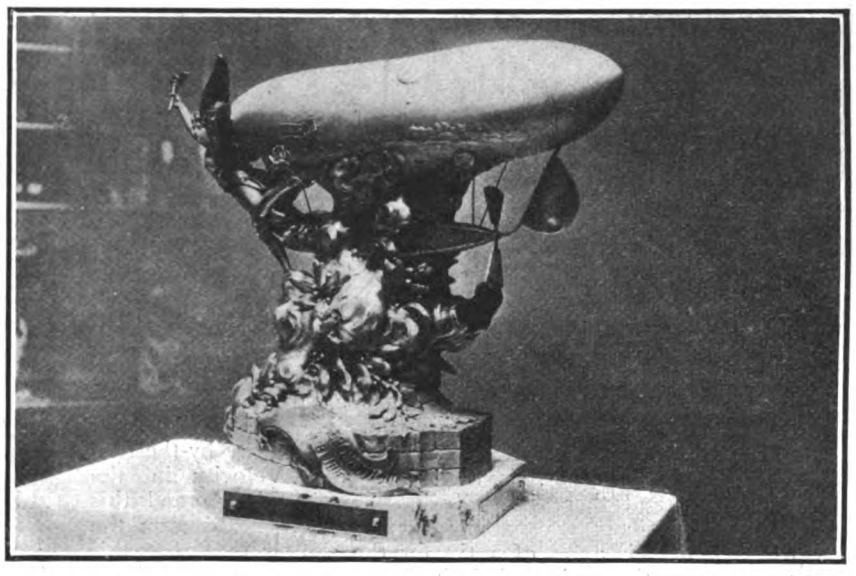
The two screws, which are set in motion by a 6-h.p. motor, were constructed to enable the aeronaut to take a lower plane without sacrificing gas. This, it need hardly be said, was a matter of considerable importance, when it is remembered that the prize was offered to the aeronaut longest in the air

The speed that very many of the cars developed was much higher than was ever contemplated for this competition, where not speed, but economy and efficiency were supposed to be the determining factors. Who in his senses desires a touring-car of the Tourist Trophy type—or, at least, what it was hoped the Tourist Trophy race would produce—to be capable of covering 40⅔ miles of roughish, somewhat mountainous road at forty miles per hour? And yet, if report is to be believed, this is the speed that many of the entered cars have done in practice and with the allotted quantity of petrol. The practice has not been brought off without two or more serious accidents to drivers and mechanics, and very many narrow shaves—too narrow altogether to be regarded with equanimity. As I am writing perforce at the eleventh hour, I cannot say what the race will bring forth, but it was popularly held before the start that less than ten cars would finish on the fuel-allowance, and that forty miles per hour would have to be averaged throughout by the winning car. If that turns out to be the case, then the object of the trial has lamentably defeated itself, and fresh regulations will have to be drafted for next year's event, if one is to be held.

Inattention to the degree of inflation in tyres is more often than not at the bottom of tyre troubles for which the tyre-manufacturers are too frequently blamed. If users of Michelin tyres read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the copious instructions and advice issued by the great French tyre house, and, further, act thereon, they will assuredly find a considerable reduction in their tyre bill. No user of Michelin tyres should be without the Michelin tyre-tester, a neat little form of pressure-gauge by which the air-pressure per square inch within a tyre can readily be ascertained. If a car is tyred according to the Michelin scale of weights and sizes, and then such tyres are kept carefully inflated to the pressures given in the Michelin pressure-table, the tyre bogey would quickly assume much less terrible proportions.

But to arrive at the weight carried by each wheel of a motor-car—and this must be known if the pressure-tables are to be used—the car must be weighed in a proper manner. It should be driven to the nearest weighbridge, and weighed with the front wheels as near the centre of the platform as possible, and the back wheels on the ground, and then reversed. Half of each weight represents the load on each wheel respectively, and the data are then at hand for reference to the pressure-table. A car should be weighed with petrol and water-tanks full, acetylene generator charged, all tools and "spares" on board, and, say, 11 st. for each passenger—that is, 616 lb.

The sporting motorist may be defined as he who prefers an open car in all weathers, but is prone to give way to a Cape cart hood in deference to the feminine members of his family, whose fine feathers, even when they are motoring feathers, are more or less ruined by a pelting storm of rain. There is no denying the fact that an over-all Cape hood—that is to say, a hood which comes far enough forward to give any sort of useful protection to the occupiers of the front seat—is unsightly and unwieldy, whether up or down. Now much protection for the passengers in the rear and sufficient protection for those in front is afforded by a short landau hood in leather to the back seat, with a roll-down waterproof tar cloth and celluloid or mica screen to attach to the front seat, and a "Protector" screen by Morgan and Co., of Long Acre and Old Bond Street, W., to the dashboard. Indeed, for a two-seated car the "Protector" screen renders any overhead shelter almost unnecessary, so long, at least, as the car is kept moving. The draught of air over the top of the screen carries even the heaviest rain quite clear of the two people sitting immediately behind it. The weather-defying qualities of a "Protector" screen must be experienced to be believed.



THE PRIZE FOR LAST SUNDAY'S GREAT BALLOON-RACE FROM THE TUILERIES: THE GORDON BENNETT BALLOON CUP.

Twenty-one balloons were entered for the race in the air which was announced to start from the Tuileries on Sunday last. England's representatives in the list were three: the "Britannia," captained by the Hon. C. S. Rolls; the "Zephyr," carrying Professor Huntingdon; and the "City of London," with Mr. F. H. Butler in charge. The Challenge Cup is valued at £500.

Photograph by Branger.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

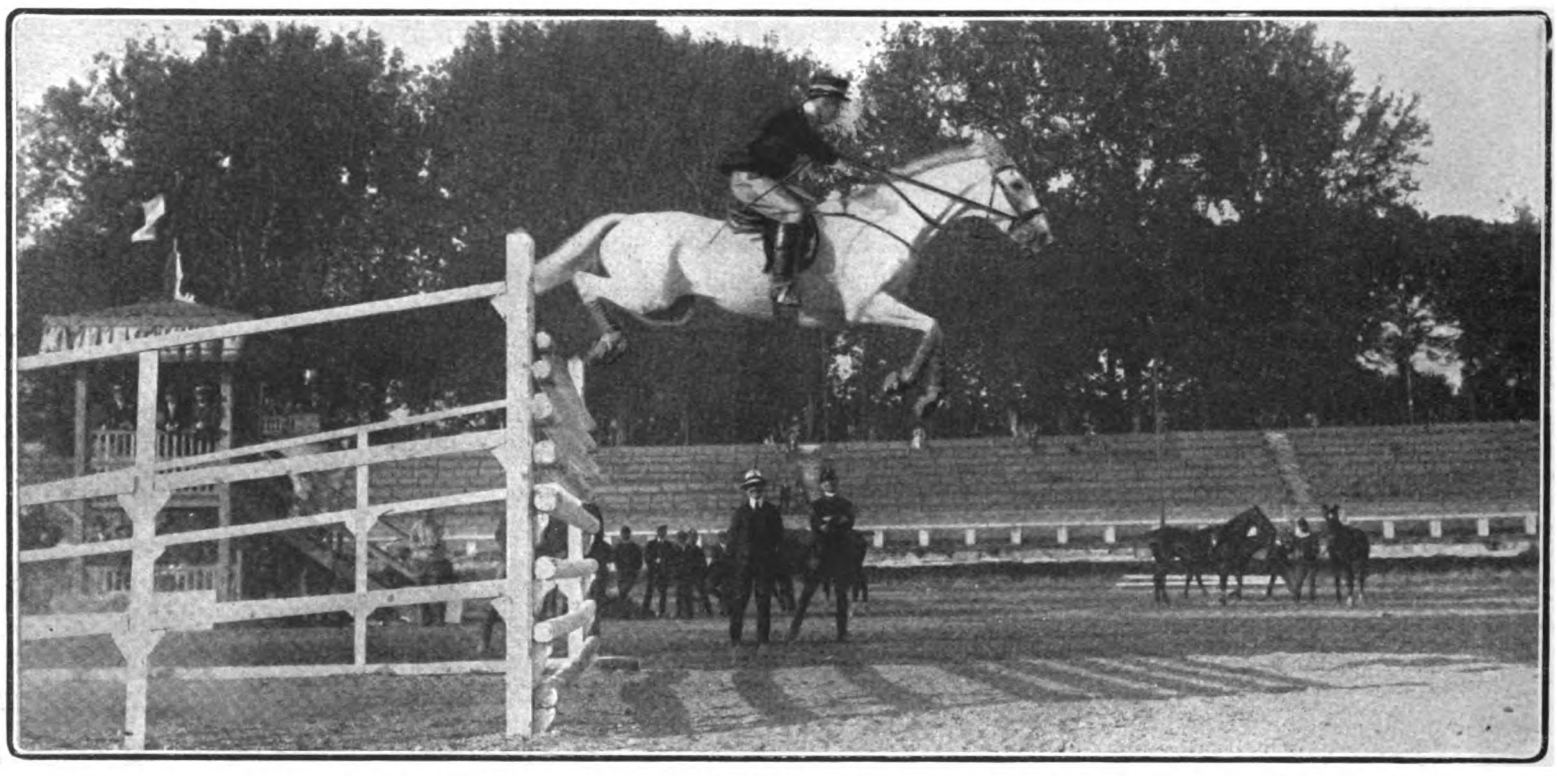
THE DOUBLE AS A RIVAL TO BRIDGE—FEES, FIELDS, AND THE PUBLIC—JUMPING.

BRIDGE holds a big sway in the clubs, but I doubt if any pastime has been so popular as the one in vogue at the present time. I refer to the attempts made by the thousands of young sports to find the winners of the double-event. I am told that the Stock Exchange men are dabbling in doubles to the exclusion of Tanganyikas, and that the American boom is nothing to the transactions quoted over the merry doubles. The winner of the Cesarewitch should not take much finding, as very few of the horses engaged could stay the distance at top speed. Noctuiform, which belongs to Mr. Black-and-White Buchanan, has a big chance on his running down under, and I am told the trade are going solid for this horse for the double-event. St. Wulfram, who is now owned by Sir James Miller, is a great street-corner tip for the race, and has been backed for thousands by City men, because he is to remain in Lucky Lindy's stable. Mr. Lindermere is one of the most fortunate owners on the Turf, and he is very popular in the House. Feather Bed is the fancy of the touts who do not get far away from book form. His win in the Chester Cup will bear inspection. At the same time, if Torpoint were sent to the post fit and well, he would beat East's horse on that running. Mintagon has been doing steady work. The owner of this horse is blind, but he enjoys attending race-meetings all the same. All the Newmarket touts think His Majesty will win. He will be ridden by Maher, which goes for a lot over this course. Maher, by-the-bye, may win the double event, as he is to ride Velocity in the Cambridgeshire, and there is really no knowing how good this animal is in the hands of a capable jockey. I have heard from the West that Sarcelle is a bit of a tip for the shorter race, but this horse may run in the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton. I hope to give a likely double next week.

Seemingly, the little dispute between the racehorse-owners and the Sandown Park management is settled. That is to say, the agitation has ceased, and I shall be surprised if the Esher authorities do not, after all, provide free stabling and free fodder at all their meetings in the future, as they intend to do this in the case of jumping meetings, and I take it that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The stewards of the Jockey Club might easily suggest to those race-course companies that make big dividends that, if it is not possible to respect owners' wishes in the main, at least some few privileges should be awarded to those gentlemen who provide the chief actors in the piece. The transparent nonsense talked about the cost of building stables does not enter into the argument at all. Stables are part and parcel of the game, and it is, in my opinion, preposterous that owners should be called upon, as they are at some meetings, to pay exorbitant fees for stabling and fodder. I wonder the public do not see that this sort of thing may on occasion be the cause of small fields. The duty of racecourse directors should be clearly defined. I take it that their first aim should be to attract as many runners as possible to their meetings, and thereby ensure the giving of something like value to the public, who pay such high ring fees. To do this, it is, on the face of it, absolutely necessary to remove every pinch of the shoe.

On paper the prospects of the coming season under National Hunt rules are of the rosiest. A large number of owners who have hitherto confined their attention to sport under Jockey Club rules intend to keep a few jumpers in training, and when the prizes are of sufficient value fields are almost certain to be well up to the average. Captain Dewhurst will have a large string of jumpers under his care at Newmarket, and the Hon. A. Hastings, who won the Grand National last year, and is a brother-in-law of Mr. Willie Bass, will have a stableful of "leppers" at Wroughton. Mr. Archy Persse has some useful steeplechasers at Grately, and Sir Charles Nugent's string at Cranbourne is one to be followed later on. These are a few of the principal amateurs who train jumpers. Of the professionals, Willie Nightingall has several useful 'chasers in training at Epsom, and Escott's stable at Lewes is one that will pay for following over the sticks. The lucky Hallick of Lambourne is equally at home under both sets of rules, and what is more, has the pick of the flat-race and steeplechase jockeys in his employ. Unfortunately, there are very few amateur riders who take an interest in steeplechasing just now, but we may come across a good vintage year presently. Luckily, several owners of jumpers are men of standing. That fine old English gentleman, Lord Coventry, sticks to the game, and the Duke of Westminster prefers steeplechasing to flat-racing. So does the Earl of Sefton. Two notable recent recruits to the game are Mr. Willie Bass and Lord Howard de Walden, and it is expected that Lord Dalmeny will again patronise the pastime this winter.

CAPTAIN COE.



A REMARKABLE JUMP: VISSUTO, RIDDEN BY LIEUTENANT CAPECE, TAKING A JUMP OF OVER 10 FEET 5 INCHES.

The exact height of the jump was 3 metres 20 centimetres. Vissuto is the property of Lieutenant Count Arrivabene.—[*Photograph by Hutin, Trampus, and Co.*]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THERE are two burning questions of the moment—one concerning the trend of autumn fashions, the other the proposed abolition of breach-of-promise suits. Which occupies the feminine mind most at the time of writing it would be difficult to say. What could we do and where should we be without our modes and our millinery? But the queries apply equally to a state of things in which men could range freely from one house to another offering themselves and all they represent (which is equally important) first to one and then another without a salutary dread of juries and damages. It would be an unthinkable injustice to poor women whose means of livelihood depend so largely on "establishing" themselves ultimately with eligible husbands. The stony-hearted individual who brought forward such a proposal must surely be a bachelor of most nomadic habits, and it is to be hoped the fount of justice will not cease to pour vials of wrath on the easily turned heads of those volatile persons who slip into the trusting hearts of receptive fair creatures, and would fain wriggle out again without leaving behind them an adequate solatium with which the willow may be worn in comparative comfort, if not consolation.

The question of gowns again approaches us nearly, inasmuch as everybody is hurrying home from foreign and other parts, settling into winter quarters, and interviewing dressmakers all at once, eager to be sartorially perfect at every point for the coming winter campaign. If it be a truth, as laid down by an eminent authority, that "any woman blessed with an average amount of good looks, or failing that, brains, can look handsome," then it behoves all those whom it may concern to employ one or both to secure the longed-for effect. Natural coloured tweeds—that is, heather mixtures and suchlike—are now adorned with large leather buttons and have a wide band of dyed leather to match on the hem of the dress. In some cases these utilitarian tailor-gowns are piped with leather and have groupings of smaller-sized buttons on the skirt. With such a frock the French modistes are sending out jaunty straw toques trimmed with quills, ribbon, and pipings of leather, which speak the last word in fashionable walking or motoring get-up. Thick mohairs banded with taffetas or suède are worn for morning. They hang in glossy folds, and while looking like silk, are vastly more serviceable. Velvet walking-gowns in checks, pin-spots, and tiny stripes are excessively smart for afternoon promenading. Paris dressmakers stiffen the hems with wire-covered cord to make them stand out well about the feet, while for all the winter petticoats small silk frills are ousting lace flounces, which are now considered incongruous except under evening-gowns or afternoon wearables of the more ethereal sort. A revived edition of the old "dandy" waistcoat, cut Claude Duval fashion, with frilled cambric chemisettes as accompaniment, makes picturesque effect as applied to these velvet walking-gowns. One made in blue velvet for Princess Chimay has a waistcoat of fawn brocade, tiny sprigs of rose, light blue, and green within a tinsel trellis giving gaiety of colour. A much-frilled jabot, a three-cornered hat of fawn felt with jaunty plumes to match, *et voilà*! A costume of all that is most *chic*.



[Copyright

AN ARTISTIC COSTUME.

With Parisian creations in my mind's eye I am reminded of another seduction of that seductive city, which does homage, however, to the olfactory nerves, under the style and title of "Camia" Perfume. The maker, M. V. Rigaud, is perfumer by appointment to half the crowned heads of Europe, and justifies his high reputation more than ever in the composition of Camia specialities. This most delicious of all perfumes is so highly concentrated that a single drop on the pocket-handkerchief will scent a room. It is most delicate as well as lasting. The soap which accompanies the Camia perfume is delicious indeed. The Camia toilet powder is equally beneficial for the skin and available in white rose and Rachel, the latter ideal for brunettes. In using Camia Eau de Toilette one arrives at the ideal water for bath and toilet. It tones up the skin, giving a delicate softness, and leaves a lasting perfume behind. Frenchwomen of the first flight are all patronising Camia scent, soap, and powder, which are, in fact, the rage of the moment. Their introduction to England will prove a much appreciated fact when it is noticed that a London depôt has been inaugurated at 18, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus, while the best chemists can always be relied on for Camia specialities as well. As a means of making M. Rigaud's delicious perfumes more widely known, three samples of his Camia "Fougere Royal" and "Lidilia" scents will be sent on receipt of four stamps, and a coupon of this paper to 18, Bartlett's Buildings. Soaps and powders to match each famous perfume can be also supplied.

Of much seasonable interest to housewives on autumn furnishings intent will be the introduction of Aspinall's delightful new "Sanalene" enamel, which is so even and china-like in finish that it can only be likened to porcelain. Several new yachts have been decorated with "Sanalene" recently, and the testimonials received from all who have used it either for house or furniture painting are numerous and enthusiastic. A colour-book can be had on application to Aspinall's, Limited, New Cross, S.E., which will conclusively show what rich tones and high gloss are achieved by the use of "Sanalene."

Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, are nothing if not artistic. Attention to detail is one of the secrets of their success, and in a new and charming brochure they treat of the commonplaces of toilet-ware in a new and characteristically efficient manner. "Toilet Wares Old and New" illustrates for us in charming colour the antique wares of a hundred years ago especially revived for Heal and Son by potteries of classic fame. Connoisseurs will delight in the bedroom jug, basin, and accessories of silver lustre, reproduced with all the brilliancy of polished silver, and available at twenty-five shillings. What is known as "Old Blue," with halcyon landscape thereon, together with the world-famous Willow pattern, are presented at absurdly low prices. "A much-felt want" is supplied by the appearance of dainty "sets" to fit the old corner washstands, with soap-dish and brush-jar formed to drop into the holes made for long-gone predecessors. Spode, Copeland, and Wedgwood designs, admirably reproduced, will charm the seeker after those "old things" which Owen Meredith so truly said were "best," and altogether

Messrs. Heal are to be congratulated on a catalogue of productions worthy in every way of their high artistic standard.

Those white pearly teeth so often invoked by novelists in the list of their heroines' perfections may now be acquired by all and sundry who indulge in a box of Carna dentifrice salts, which have properties giving a pearly whiteness and gloss to the teeth, strengthening the gums, and preventing that foe to peace—toothache. SYBIL.

There has been much talk of Rostand lately, and of his "Chante-clair," a famous play in which all the characters are animals. Rostand never goes to Paris now, save to attend a rare meeting of the Académie Française, of which he is the youngest member. He lives at "Arnaga," on the banks of the Nive, above Cambo, amidst the green slopes of the Pyrenees. His house is wonderfully decorated. Caro Delvaille has painted frescoes in the dining-room, Mlle. Dufau has embellished the library, and that delightful impressionist, Henri Martin, has stippled pictures in the hall-drawing-room. The young Academician leads a real countryman's existence, and passes every available hour of the day out of doors in the stainless atmosphere of the Pyrenees. His one object is to become perfectly well and strong again. Out in his grounds he has a sundial with this delightful inscription: "Je ne marque que les bonnes," meaning that only the good hours are counted. Very suggestive, is it not, for a man who is resting in order to overtake the "good" hours of his literary activity? "Chante-clair" is full of inspiriting poetry. It will make an admirable reading play, though possibly, as its author has decreed, it is unsuitable for stage presentation.



THE SHRIEVALTY CHAIN AND BADGE PRESENTED TO MR. SHERIFF-ELECT W. H. DUNN.

The chain, which is of 18-carat gold, is composed of links of a scroll design, having the initial letter of the Ward (Bishopsgate) entwined at regular intervals. Between each of these links there is an escutcheon with richly chased ornamental border, having the following arms enamelled in proper colours:—Surveyors' Institution, Wheelwrights' Company, Spectacle Makers' Company, Turners' Company, Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers' Company, Shipwrights' Company, Horners' Company, Loriners' Company. The centre link is composed of the full arms of the City of London, in enamel, with a suspending link in the form of the monogram of the recipient, also in enamel. The Badge has richly chased ornamental and scroll work, with a shield in the centre, surmounted by oak-leaves and having the arms of the Sheriff, with the crest above and the motto below. Both chain and badge were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., 112 and 110, Regent Street, W.

"The West Riding Judgment" has now taken its place in the common stock of current phrases, and everybody has heard it. How many people could say off-hand what the "Riding" signifies? Schoolboys will know, but their parents, for the most part, will have forgotten. Every true Yorkshireman should be aware that "Riding" is the modern form of the old word "thriding," meaning a third. The county of broad acres is divided into "thridings," or thirds, only now we call them Ridings. The man in the street may be forgiven if he forget the significance of the term to which the Danes first gave practical expression in defining the divisions of the county; the official mind has been not less forgetful. When the Province of Upper Canada was first organised, the County of Lincoln was divided into four ridings and the county of York into two ridings. Areas of four-thirds and two-thirds are manifestly badly planned.

The annual reception at the Bovril factory in Old Street, E.C., was held a few days ago. The chairman, the Earl of Bessborough, and the directors of the company were present, and amongst their guests may be mentioned Sir George T. Bartley, Sir John Furley, and General Sir William Wilson. The visitors inspected the whole of the building and witnessed the various processes of Bovril making. They were much struck by the "home of Bovril" itself, which is a veritable palace, notable for cleanliness and brightness, and the numerous processes that go to the making of Bovril, which is never once touched by hand, the making of Invalid Bovril, Bovril Beef Jelly, Bovril Meat Juice, Kudos Cocoa and Chocolate, Bovril Stamnoids, and Virol, which, it is claimed, is rapidly superseding cod-liver oil, and is used in large quantities in over five hundred hospitals and consumption sanatoria.

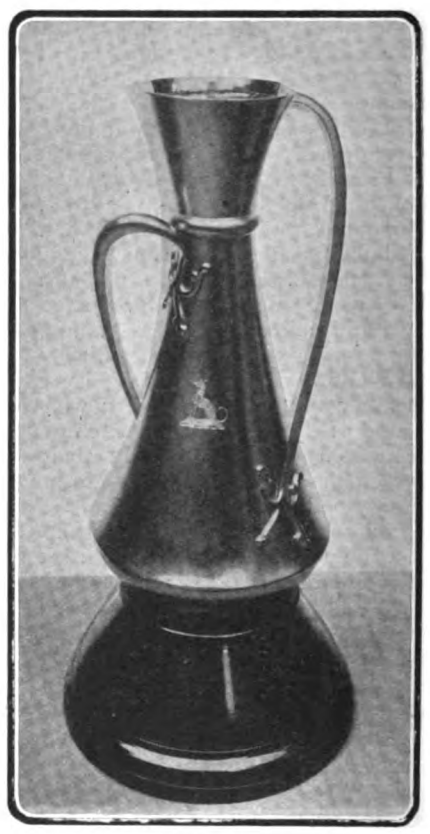
The Brighton and South Coast and Great Western Railway Companies have decided to continue the week-day through train between Brighton and Paddington during the winter months, as the extra facility has proved a valuable connecting link between the numerous towns on the South Coast and the large area served by the trains of the Great Western Railway.

Mr. J C. Umney, F.C.S., the well-known expert on perfumery essential oils, gave a most interesting lecture on perfumes the other day to the Horticultural Society. The lecturer, who illustrated his remarks by lantern slides, dealt with the history of perfumes, the industry generally, and the various ways of preparing essences, extracts, essential oils, etc. He exhibited also vanillin, having the odour of vanilla bean; heliotropin, having that of the heliotrope; aubepine, having that of the hawthorn; coumarin, that of new-mown hay; terpineol, that of white lilac, etc.

Those in search of health, change, sport, and pleasure during the more inclement part of the year should note that the universally popular Cornish Riviera Limited Express will continue to run by the shortened route to the West during the whole of the coming winter. A perusal of "The Cornish Riviera" (threepence, post free from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station) and "Devon—The Shire of the Sea Kings" (which will shortly be published, price threepence) will at once convince travellers of all classes that the sunny shores of both Devon and Cornwall afford, at a minimum of cost and fatigue, a maximum of the climatic and other advantages offered by such expensive health-resorts as Monte Carlo, Mentone, and Madeira.

Among the variety of biscuits made by the famous house at Reading, their latest production will surely rank as one of the daintiest. The "Parisian" is the name given to it by Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, and their claim that the biscuit, or rather, assortment of biscuits, resembles the best class of confectionery produced by our Continental neighbours is well founded. Another biscuit of a different kind has just been introduced by Messrs. Huntley and Palmer. It is named the "Historical," and, possessing the novel characteristic of being somewhat educational, it is just the thing to appeal to younger members of the household. The quality is of the high order maintained by the Reading house, and each biscuit, of which there are about forty to the pound, bears the name of one of the dynasties that have ruled in England since historical records were first preserved, from the Anglo-Saxon line to the Commonwealth, together with a pictorial representation of a ruler in each line and the dates of the beginning and end of his reign.

Last week a revolution in dining was introduced at the New Gaiety Restaurant in the Strand. For the first time in London, diners were able to combine the advantages of the fixed-priced system with the freedom of choice from a large and varied assortment of dishes, hitherto reserved for those who dine à la carte. Up to now the fixed-price dinner has meant table d'hôte; the diner has been limited to the menu selected and arranged by the chef. Henceforward at the New Gaiety Restaurant two dinners will be served at the fixed prices of 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. respectively, differing only in the number of courses. The carte du jour, with a list of dishes embracing all the delicacies of the season, will be placed before the diner, from which he may select his own hors d'œuvres, soup, fish, and so on. In a word, he compiles his own menu. And be it noted that the dishes selected will all be specially cooked. At the same time, however, those preferring the quick service of the table d'hôte dinner will find that the excellent 5s. theatre dinner continues to be a feature of this enterprising establishment.



FROM THE WOMEN OF THE WITWATERSRAND TO LADY MABEL PALMER, ON HER MARRIAGE.

The graceful vase here illustrated, which is made of Transvaal gold, was presented by the women of the Witwatersrand to Lady Mabel Palmer on the occasion of her marriage with Viscount Howick. It was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Oxford Street, for their Johannesburg branch.

Photograph by Reading and Co.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 10.

The Money Market and Gilt-Edged Stocks.

THE Bank return was not encouraging, but it was not found necessary to put up the official rate. The stock of coin was down, although only about half the decrease had gone out of the country, and as the note circulation had increased by £713,000, the ratio of reserve to liabilities was reduced by 4·75 per cent. Were it not for the generally entertained idea that after the end-of-the-quarter demands are over things will begin to mend, discounts and loans would be even tighter than they are. Consols and kindred stocks have been more or less depressed, and with the premier security unable to keep more than a fraction over 86, all the rest of the gilt-edged division can hardly expect to improve. If Mr. Keir Hardie's prediction becomes an accomplished fact, and politics in England get reduced to Socialist and anti-Socialist parties, we can hardly expect Home Rails and high-class Industrials to find favour with those among us who have money to invest, when it will be easy to find a profitable field for the hoarding of capital in bearer securities whose return is secured from the industry of countries with less advanced ideas.

Our correspondent "Q," of whose intimate knowledge of the Nitrate Market our readers have had abundant evidence in the last eighteen months, writes: "Although the British public remains strangely apathetic in face of the enormous profits being earned by many of the Nitrate-producing Companies, those who are in the inner circles of the industry are aware of the very rosy prospects which are now in view, and I hear that a Nitrate Trust Company, with a large capital, formed to deal exclusively in Nitrate shares, is in process of formation. The Company is under influential sponsorship, and should give the needed fillip to the market for Nitrate shares."

Cuban Interests.

In our opinion, the present Cuban troubles ought to improve rather than depreciate the values of Cuban investments—certainly in the long run. It is clear that the United States is prepared to take the responsibility for the maintenance of order in the island, and the 5 per cent. Government bonds secured on 15 per cent. of the Customs receipts are very nearly as safe as if the great Republic's guarantee were endorsed thereon. At present price the yield is really first-rate, for the security.

As to the Railways, in the event of the occupation of the island by the United States troops, it is probable damage might be done by the hostile Cubans; but in the end, the benefit that holders of Railway securities would derive from annexation is so great that it must outweigh the temporary loss by the interruption of traffic during the intermediate stages, and whatever actual damage is done, it is sure to be paid for in the end by the States. The position which "Uncle Sam" is being steadily forced to assume in Cuba is very like the position of England in Egypt, and the result upon the island's credit and securities, it appears to us, will be very similar. If, as the outcome of the present trouble, Cuban securities go lower, they should certainly be bought.

Miscellaneous Shares.

Hand-in-hand with the spurt in Canadian Pacifics, Hudson's Bay shares have risen to a price which shows splendid profits to those who bought them upon our recommendations months ago. Only our reluctance to dissuade the taking of handsome gains is standing in the way of counsel to keep the shares for still higher prices. That the price will go better we have little doubt. There is every prospect of another ten pounds a share rise in Bays. The market tips Anglo "A" for another run, and as the dividend time approaches—it is four months off yet—the possibilities are that the bulls will get plenty of fun and a fair amount of profit in the meanwhile. Another speculative investment, of a different character, is Bovril Deferred. The price is 9s. 6d., the last dividend was 4 per cent., so the return on the money is over 8 per cent. The Chicago meat scare should do the Company a lot of good this winter, and the enterprising idea of holding a "Reception" last week will be a useful advertisement. Bovril Ordinary pay 6½ per cent. on the money, and, of course, rank in front of the Deferred shares. Labour troubles continue to militate against the Battleship shares, such as Vickers, but Armstrongs are a good market. Scotch people are buying Coats, and advices from Birmingham tell of the local support being accorded to Cycle Companies, most of which have done very well in the current twelvemonth.



THE BATTERY, NIGEL DEEP.

Americans and Canadians.

Money, not traffics, rules the Yankee roast. The prosperity of the country goes for something, of course; without it, prices would not be able to resist the attacks made upon them from various quarters. Dangerous as the gamble is, it will go merrily enough so long as the money position develops into nothing really serious, but there are indications galore of possible trouble coming at any moment. Shrewd writers in the American financial journals, who have supported the boom hitherto, are leaning more and more to the side of caution, calling their followers to ease commitments on the bull-tack. We should certainly not suggest selling a bear of Yankees, but the other side is fraught with danger, and it is not only professional jealousy which makes dealers in the Foreign Market declare laughingly that money-lenders will burn their fingers over Yankees.

Canadian Pacifics are going to 200, safer than houses, and Mr. Jefferson Levy is credited with the arrangement of a bull-pool which intends to put the price over that figure. In the Trunk Market the position is rather curious. The jobbers are alternately bulls and bears, prices fluctuating with a violence that causes profits to be easily made by the bold speculator. But the course of prices will go higher for some time yet.

Echoes from the House.

The Stock Exchange.

Consols have only to fall to 83⅜ for them to return 3 per cent. on the money. As the price for cash is now about 2½ points above this figure, there is no particular reason to suppose that a fresh outbreak of pessimism may not swish them down to the 3 per cent. level. Hands of holy horror will naturally uprise at the idea of Consols dipping below 85, but the same hands went up when it was suggested that the price would go to 90, what time it stood nearer par. The pinch will come in the matter of bank dividends, because another writing down of the banks' Funds will be necessary, and—— Let us change to a more cheerful subject.

Home Railway stocks are not exactly the sort of things where one may expect to find cheerfulness, but it is the delight of the financial tipster to dig about for low-priced investments which have a fair chance of improvement. I hear people talk of Districts being a good buy, on the idea that when the agitation over the fares has subsided the line will do better. Traffics are increasing as it is, and those who don't use the line are superior to the personal considerations that lash travellers into such a fury. Reforms are being introduced which will probably pay the Company later on, but the present rolling stock is such ramshackle stuff that a fresh lot would seem an inevitable expense in the near future. Weighed down by the enormous weight of its Ordinary capital, the Company can only stagger on in a miserable sort of way until the capital account is reconstituted altogether, and, except as a sheer gamble, it is difficult to see any attraction in the discredited District stock.

Metropolitan Consolidated, however, is a horse of another colour. It is, of course, doubtful whether the line will return to prosperity even when fully electrified up to Hammersmith. But the chances are that it will do much better, as, indeed, it need do to pay, seeing how wretchedly bad the present traffics are. There is a traffic ready made at the West End of the line, when once electrification is established throughout. The resentment against the District's fare-alterations and the discomfort of travel, strap-hanging or in semi-armed seats, on the District, will drive a good many people into the Metropolitan, with its comfortable carriages, under electrified conditions. Accordingly, the purchase of Metropolitan stock at 60 has a decidedly attractive appearance to the speculative buyer, and the mere fact of its being in such an odour of suspicion at the present time is a good thing for the man who takes his courage in one hand and Metropolitan stock in the other.

Many congratulations to the Stock Exchange Orchestral and Choral Society upon its new President, Mr. H. A. Daniell. Under his guidance, it may be assumed that the Society will do much better than it has done in the past. It is a most remarkable thing that the House cannot support this excellent musical body in a manner which will, at any rate, prevent its getting into financial trouble, however slight.

By the time this appears, some official notification may have been made with reference to the new Stock Exchange Chess Club, which is in course of formation. Mr. Walter Nevill is not only one of the most capable men on the House Committee, but a capital chess-player, and he will probably be the first President. There are many good players in the Stock Exchange; some of them can be seen passing the papier-mâché cardboards to one another in the Market, and I understand that the intention is to arrange matches with other chess clubs. The City of London is one of the largest clubs in the Metropolis, and many players of chess meet every day at Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street.

At £7 per £10 share, fully paid, Associated Portland Cement 5½ per cent. Preference look cheap enough to buy. The yield comes to practically 8 per cent. on the money, and although the tone of the Chairman's speech at the meeting a week or two back was couched in cautious vein, the risk appears to be worth the taking. So far as the Ordinary are concerned, they will have to be cut down to more reasonable proportions for the capital account to get on to a reasonable basis. They are not worth touching at anything like the present price, but the Preference are secure enough to make them a good speculative investment.

To take up and put away, try British North Borneo or Borneo Exploration shares. The latter is a Company possessing the concession for all the mineral rights in the British North Borneo's territory. It was not long since the Borneo Market was startled by the reported discovery of diamonds on one of the properties. Five tons of blue ground were tested, but no diamonds were found. It need not follow that this failure establishes the certainty that there are no diamonds in the island, because the blue ground was the same kind as that which has make Kimberley famous. But greater wealth exists in minerals like manganese and iron: a first shipment of the former is either starting or already on its way to this country. Rubber, timber, sago, and tobacco are important sidelights. Every coolie worker entering the Company's territory becomes a contributor, to a small extent, to the coffers of the British North Borneo. Unlike the Rhodesian Chartered Company, the Borneo undertaking pays a dividend. Last year it was 4 per cent., and the price of the fully paid shares

stands at a few pence under a sovereign. I am not tipping them for quick profits. They are a first-class lock-up, and will assuredly come home in course of time.

Coming over Waterloo Bridge the other morning was a little coster's cart with two men in it. One sat well back and drove the donkey; the other had his feet dangling over the tail-board. Waterloo Bridge rises slightly towards the middle, and the poor little animal struggled desperately to get up the slope. All of a sudden, up he went in the air, the weight of the burly coster at the back overbalancing the cart, landing the coster neatly in the gutter. "Laugh? Thought we should ha' died!"

What to do with their Esperanzas must be a sore puzzle to the holders of the shares. One would have expected shares in a Company which has lately declared 10s. 6d. in dividend and bonus to be standing nearer £5 than 3½. The fact of the figure keeping so low suggests all sorts of funny things, but for a gamble—with cash that can be spared if loss ensue—they look as though they would give a buyer a decent run for his money.

In the renewal of interest which has just sprung up for Deep Lead shares, remembrance of the London and Globe Finance Corporation comes to mind. I wonder whether the holders of the old London and Globe Deep Leads Company are aware that their shares can be sold for something like 5s. 9d. apiece? The latter name, it was thought, might militate against the public having anything to do with the affair, so it was changed to Consolidated Deep Leads. They are 4s. shares, fully paid, and the old certificates are good delivery equally with those of the Consolidated Company.

Readers of these vagrancies who are keen on billiards will understand that, with a private table and opponent waiting, they would be as eager to get to work as

Saturday, Sept. 29, 1906. THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) *All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.*

(2) *Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.*

(3) *Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.*

(4) *Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.*

(5) *All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.*

(6) *Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.*

(7) *No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.*

(8) *Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.*

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. B.—The rates offered can only be earned by money-lending, on bills-of-sale, or suchlike securities, and we strongly urge you to have nothing to do with the bank. The whole question of stability depends on the value of the assets, especially the securities held against loans, as to which no one but the managers can do more than guess.

J. K. R.—The name and address of the brokers was sent to you on the 25th ult.

RUSSELL.—We prefer the Canpacs, and think there is every probability of their reaching your price within the time named.

ONLOOKER.—All the shares you name are fairly sound speculations, and would rise if there were any public support for the Kaffir Market; but times do not look propitious.

HOPEFUL.—In our opinion you will never see a penny, but you may as well hope for the best.

J. F.—The mine appears to have made a mistake over its machinery, which has so far proved a disappointment, hence the fall. We will make inquiries as to the Nitrate Company and answer next week. The Motor shares are too speculative for our taste.

OVERHEAD.—The shares are depreciated because the paper has done very badly. We hear that its circulation is steadily improving, but if the shares were our own we should sell.

J. S.—We do not think the Omnibus Company has paid a dividend, but will make inquiries, and if it has, let you know.

STOCKPORT.—We are only too pleased to have made inquiries for you on the Stock Exchange and at the Company's office. May we refer you to "Hamlet." Act 1, Scene v., lines 166 and 167.

We are asked to state that the directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the six months to July 31, 1906. They have also declared a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares for the six months to Sept. 25, 1906, the warrants for which have been posted.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following should run well at Leicester: Midland Nursery, John Gilpin; Gopsall Handicap, Solano; Camp Handicap, Cyllaros; October Handicap, Arabi; Bradford Handicap, Van Voght; Village Handicap, Cybele Gray. At Lewes, I fancy Bonar for the Southdown Welter and Summer for the Lewes Nursery. At Folkestone, the following may run well: Romney Handicap, Detective; Dover Handicap, Harcourt; Dymchurch Nursery, The Valet. At Haydock the Autumn Handicap may be won by Hong Kong, and the October Handicap by Speculor. There should be capital sport at Kempton. I fancy Polymelus for the Duke of York Stakes. Some of these may go close: Richmond Plate, Guigne; Coventry Handicap, La Petite Dame; Imperial Produce Stakes, Traquair; Kempton Nursery, Billidere; Rivermead Handicap, Detection.

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MISS DORIS STOCKER.

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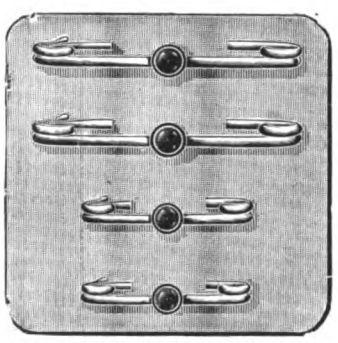
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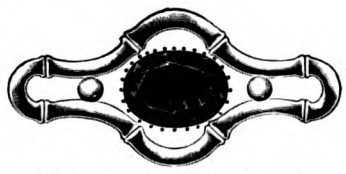
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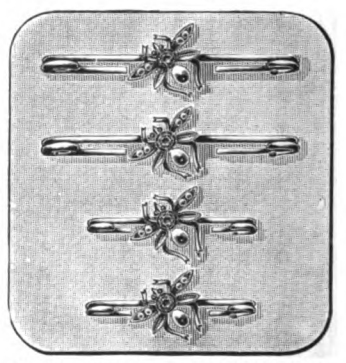
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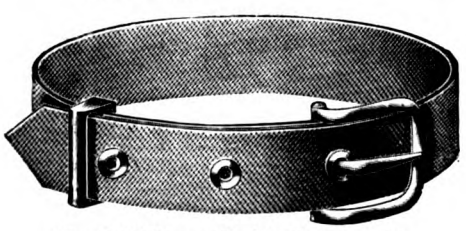
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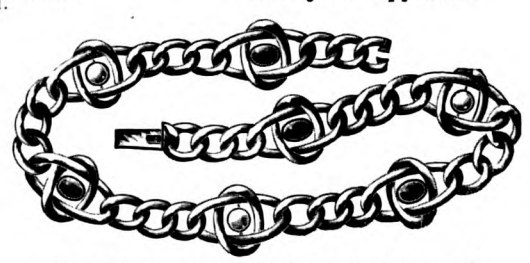


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"PETER'S MOTHER," AT WYNDHAM'S.



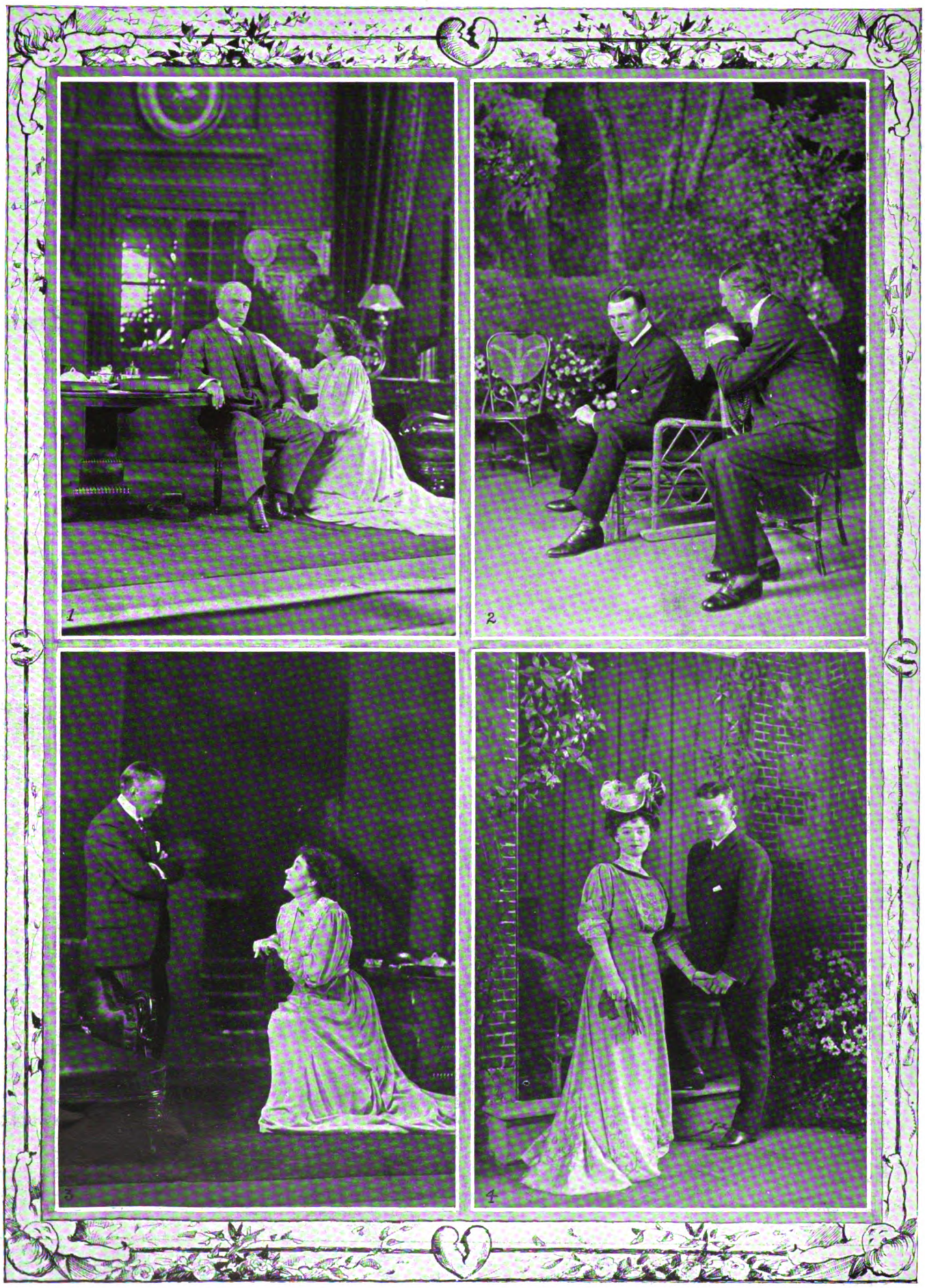
Peter (Mr. A. E. Matthews). Lady Mary Crewys (Miss Marion Terry).

LADY MARY CREWYS REALISES THAT HER SON, PETER, HAS LOST AN ARM IN THE WAR.

Peter's mother is a woman of five or six and thirty (married, when the play opens, to an old man), and when Peter, her son, returns from the wars a year or so after the death of his father, he does not realise that a woman may love twice, and in careless selfishness would relegate his mother to the dower-house and make her a kind of superior housekeeper to himself and his wife. With this notion his mother is not at all in agreement, and she and John Crewys, his guardian, eventually point out to him the error of his ideas, giving practical proof of their knowledge that these are wrong by announcing their own engagement.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

"PETER'S MOTHER," AT WYNDHAM'S.



(1) LADY MARY CREWYS (MISS MARION TERRY) PLEADS TO BE ALLOWED TO SEE HER SON OFF TO AFRICA RATHER THAN STAY WITH HER HUSBAND, SIR TIMOTHY (MR. NORMAN McKINNEL), WHILE HE UNDERGOES AN OPERATION.

(2) JOHN CREWYS (MR. FREDERICK KERR) TELLS PETER (MR. A. E. MATTHEWS) THAT HIS VIEWS OF HIS MOTHER'S POSITION ARE SELFISH, AND HAS A HEATED BUT GUARDIANLY ARGUMENT WITH HIM ON THE POINT.

(3) LADY MARY DISCUSSES PETER AND HIS SOMEWHAT EXTRAORDINARY VIEWS WITH JOHN CREWYS, HIS GUARDIAN.

(4) PETER AND SARAH (MISS HILDA TREVELYAN) HAVE A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION, BUT DECIDE TO WED.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

BEAUTY AT NATURE'S MIRROR.



REFLECTIONS.

Miss Denise Orme, whose portrait is here given, is to appear as Illyrine, wife of Dorlish (played by Mr. Robert Evett), in Mr. George Edwardes' production of the English version of "Les Merveilleuses," at Daly's.

Photograph by Bassano.





A MARCUS STONE PAINTING IMITATED BY PHOTOGRAPHY:

A WELCOME FOOTSTEP.

Our photograph, designed to reproduce the famous picture, "A Welcome Footstep," by Marcus Stone, R.A., shows Miss Grace Pindar. Miss Pindar was well known as an actress at Daly's, but she left the stage a week or two ago in order to open as a milliner and dressmaker in Pont Street. Her trade name is "Armide," and she has two ladies as her partners in the venture.—[*Photograph by Bassano.*]

MISS EDNA MAY'S TEMPORARY SUCCESSOR

IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR"—



MISS ETHEL NEWMAN, WHO STEPPED INTO THE BREACH CAUSED BY MISS EDNA MAY'S RESIGNATION.

Miss Edna May's resignation of the part of Julia Chaldicott, in "The Belle of Mayfair," on the ground that Miss Camille Clifford had been unduly "starred," gave Miss Ethel Newman another opportunity of appearing in the title-ôle of the Vaudeville play. Miss Newman acted it during Miss Edna May's recent six weeks of holiday-making. She has been closely identified with "Edna May parts." She made her first stage appearance as Miss May's understudy in the original production of "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury, and she has earned considerable success on tour in the same actress's parts in that play, in "The Girl from Up There," and in "Kitty Grey." She has also shown much ability as Dorothy, in "Dorothy," as Alice Coverdale, in "My Lady Molly," in the name-part in "The Cherry Girl," in "Sergeant Brue," and in pantomime.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

—AND HER PERMANENT SUCCESSOR

IN THE SAME PLAY.



MISS PHYLLIS DARE, ENGAGED TO PLAY THE PART RELINQUISHED BY MISS EDNA MAY.

Miss Phyllis Dare is one of the best known of our younger actresses. She is, of course, the sister of Miss Zena Dare, and is sixteen. Her work on the stage is too well known to need recapitulation, but it may be noted that she last appeared at the Vaudeville as Angela in "The Catch of the Season." Her real surname is "Dones."

Photograph by Bassano

MISS MADGE LESSING RUSTICATING.



MISS LESSING OPENS HER DAY BY READING A CHAPTER OF A FAVOURITE NOVEL——



AND SPENDS SOME TIME IN THE PLEASANT TASK OF ARRANGING FLOWERS.



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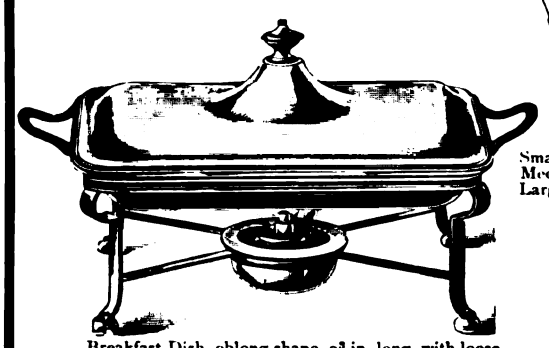
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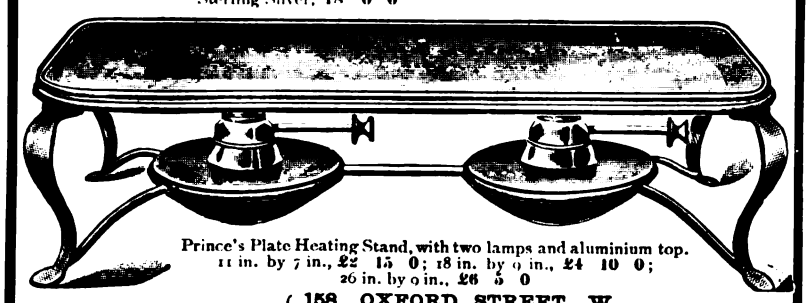
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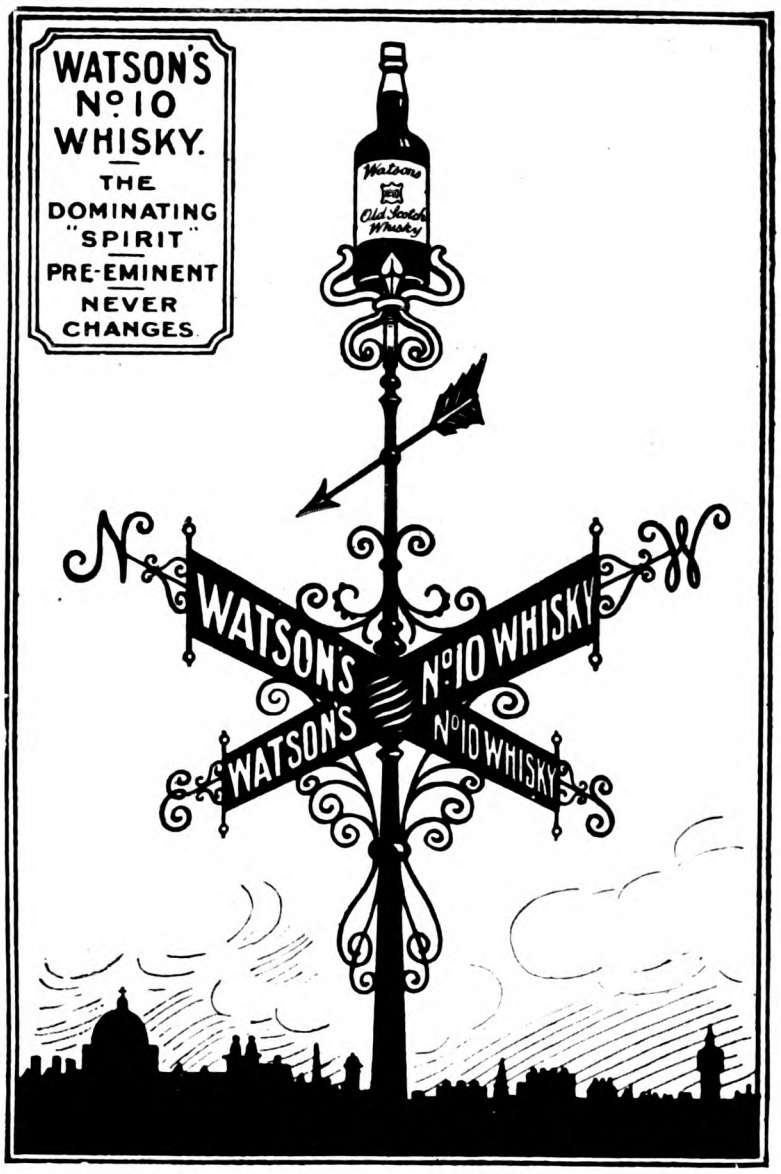
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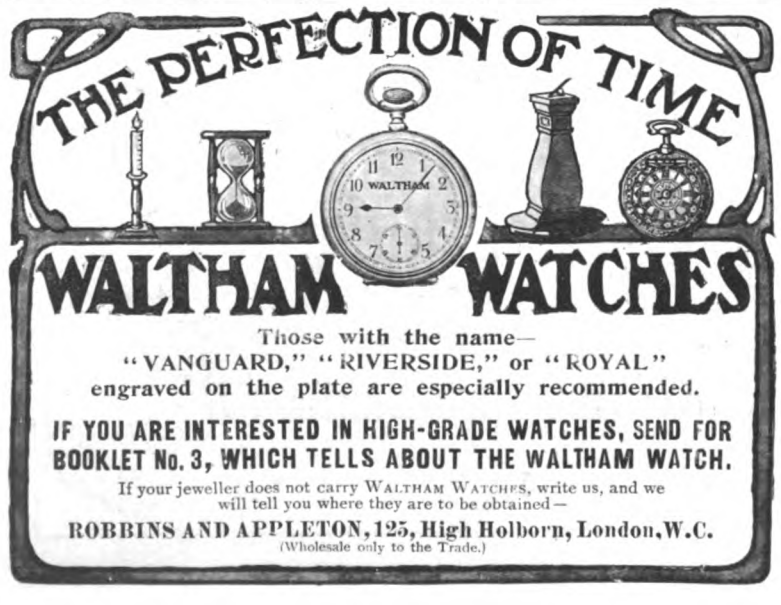
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